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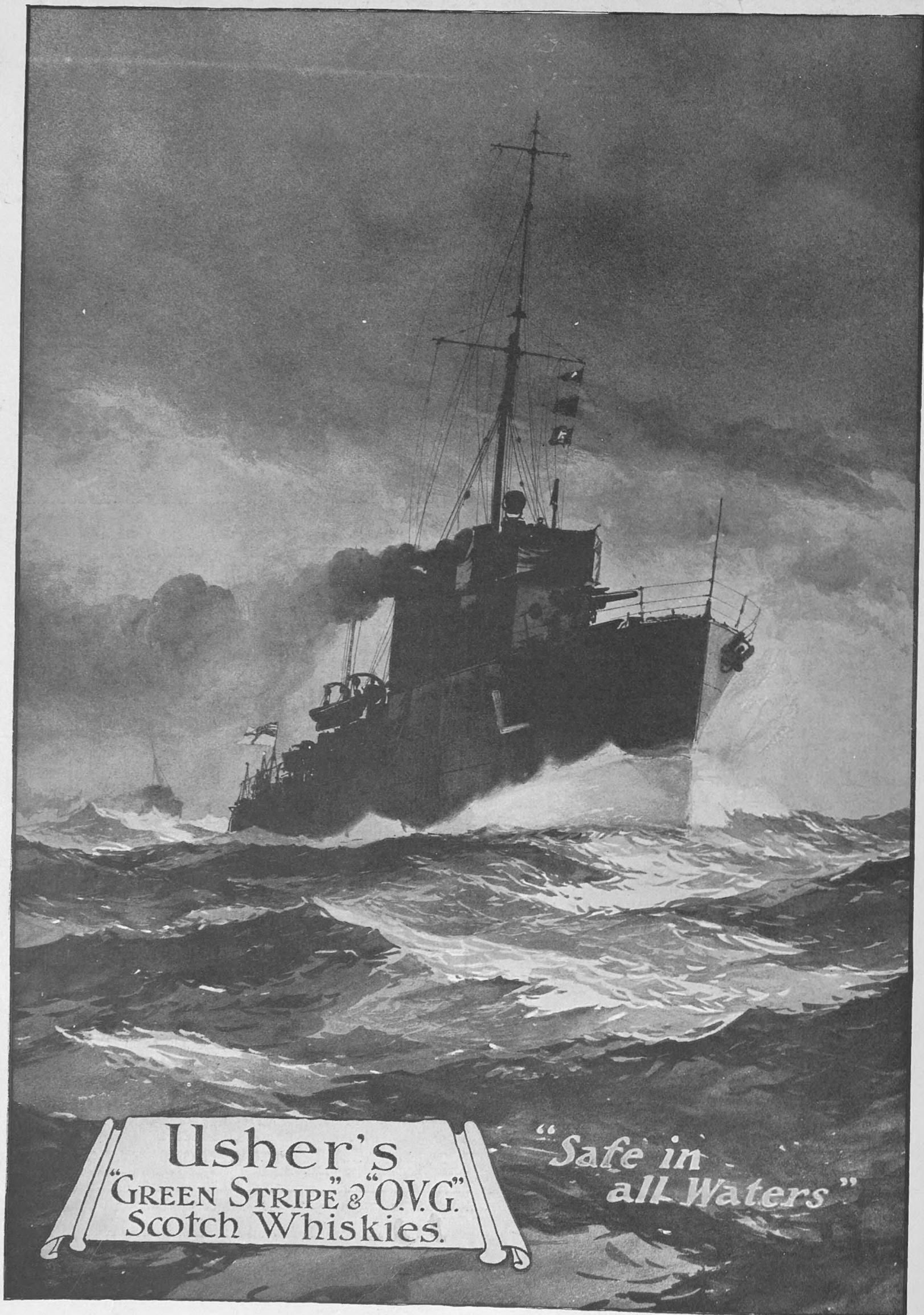
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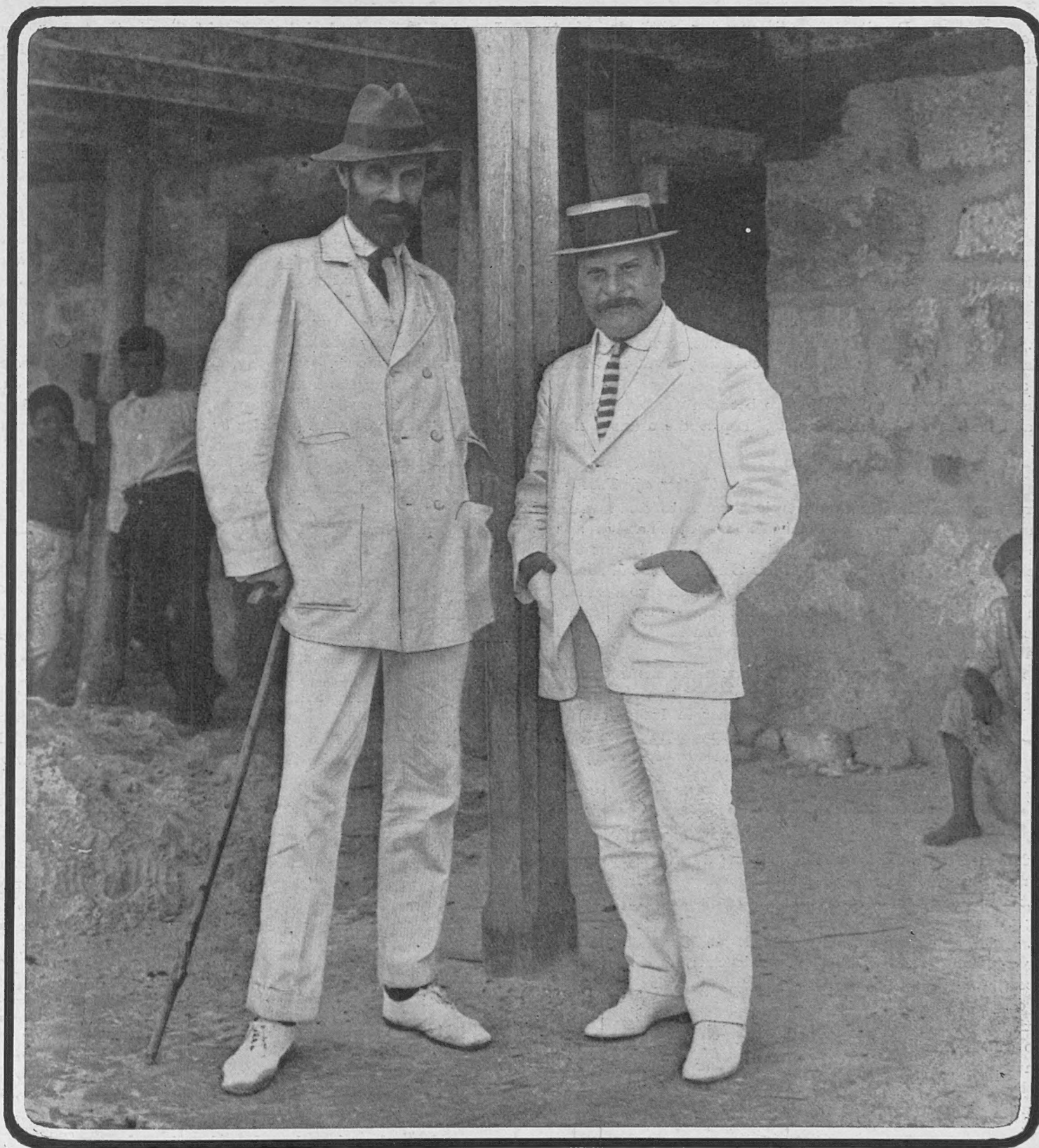
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The Sketch

No. 1140.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



A VISITOR TO BERLIN ABOUT IRELAND, OR NOT? SIR ROGER CASEMENT—ON THE LEFT.

An extraordinary story was published a few days ago, by the "Norddeutscher Allgemeine Zeitung," one of the German Government's official journals. This paper stated that Sir Roger Casement, until last year British Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro, had been received at the German Foreign Office, and had asked for an official explanation of Germany's attitude towards Ireland. As a sequel to this, so it is termed, Germany has issued an official manifesto, in which it says, among other things: "The German Government takes this opportunity of declaring to the Irish nation that it only seeks the welfare of that nation, its country, and its institutions. The German Government declares it has never had any intention of capturing or destroying any institution whatsoever in Ireland. If in this struggle, which Germany has not sought, the chances of war should bring German troops to

the coast of Ireland, then they would not land as an army of invaders, who came to rob and destroy, but as a fighting power of a Government clothed with only goodwill towards the Irish nation, the national welfare and liberty of which alone Germany desires." This was "held up" some days by the Censor. The methods of certain sections of the German Press being what they are, it remains to be seen whether Sir Roger has ever been to Berlin during the great war or visited its Foreign Office. Meantime, we trust sincerely that the story is not true: there have been discredited "interviews" ere now. Sir Roger, it will be recalled, is the author of the famous Government Report on the Putumayo Atrocities, 1912. He was in the British Consular Service from 1895 until last year. He was made a C.M.G. in 1905, and knighted in 1911.—[Photograph by the St. Stephen's Intelligence Bureau.]

“THE SKETCH” CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

The next issue of “The Sketch” will be a Christmas Double Number, and our readers are advised to order their copy, or copies, at once to avoid disappointment, as the sale will certainly be very great. Included in the Number will be a series of fine pictures, by R. Caton Woodville, illustrating the nicknames of famous British Regiments at the Front, beautifully printed in Photogravure and issued in booklet form. No fewer than thirteen regiments are represented. The issue will also contain seven fine pictures in full colours; especially good comic war-pictures; and so on. The price will be One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD (“Chicot.”)

Some War-Correspondence.

Despite the discouraging attitude of the naughty Press Bureau, it is stated that there are ten times as many war-correspondents on the Continent at the present moment as have followed any previous campaign. Some of these are undoubtedly doing fine work. Our young friend whose despatches appear below may or may not develop into a Bennet Burleigh.

France, Monday.

At the moment of sending this despatch, a great battle is raging somewhere. I do not know where, and I should not be allowed to tell you if I did, but there can be little doubt that a battle is raging. This is no idle surmise on my part. Experience has taught me, to say nothing of history, that there are bound to be battles when two or more nations are at war, and England, France, Belgium, Russia, and Servia are still at war, I understand, with Germany and Austria. If you know anything to the contrary, please let me have a line at your convenience. The nights here are chilly. I sleep between the blankets, however, and find myself much refreshed, despite the arduous nature of my duties.

Further off, Tuesday.

Very important information has just come to hand which I hasten to send on to you for a special edition. A man arrived at this village last night whose sister married a Belgian, and went to live in Sweden. The good lady divorced her Belgian husband some ten years ago, for reasons with which I need not trouble you, and went to live in Denmark. The Belgian husband married again, and had three children by his second wife, one of whom is now in the Norwegian Army. The man who arrived in the village last night has not seen his sister since her marriage, but his wife's brother is a shoemaker in Bulgaria, and has another sister living either in Italy or Turkey. That is immaterial. The point is that the man who arrived in the village last night had heard from the second son of the sister who married the Dane that—(The remainder of this message has been excised by the Censor).

Portugal, Wednesday.

Although I am a little further from the actual scene of war, I thought it better to make my headquarters here for the time being so that I could get messages through to you without the risk of having them censored. I am told, on excellent authority, that the Mayor of Oporto has delivered himself of an opinion to the effect that the Kaiser (excision by Censor), and that, in the event of England (excision by Censor) in which case France (excision by Censor), so that there is every likelihood that the Allied Forces will, in the opinion of the Mayor of Oporto (rest of message suppressed by Censor). I have lost no time in forwarding this highly important statement, because the Mayor of Oporto is not a man who expresses an opinion lightly or without due thought. Algeciras, Thursday. I left Portugal rather hurriedly at ten o'clock last night. There was a rumour that the sale of all (excision by Censor) was to be prohibited by the Government. Personally, I attach no credence to the rumour, which seems to have been based on mere nervous apprehension; at the same time, I knew that you would not wish me to run any risks. All is quiet, for the moment, in Algeciras. The tide of war may surge in our direction at any moment, however. There is no panic at present, but I have completed arrangements by virtue of which

I am hourly informed of the state of feeling in the town. You may rest assured that I shall be off at the slightest suggestion of danger, bearing in mind that it is the duty of the war-correspondent to preserve his life at all costs, and to put the welfare of his paper before his own personal wishes. The nights are much warmer here. I sleep between sheets, therefore, but am prepared to return to the blanket-act at any moment. Tangier, Saturday.

As I hinted in the very important despatch forwarded to you regardless of cost from Algeciras on Thursday, the shadow of war has fallen over that fair spot, necessitating n.y immediate withdrawal. To be explicit, a Spaniard and a Portuguese met in a wine-shop and began discussing the war. Both had imbibed rather freely of the very excellent native wines, which suit my palate and digestion to a nicety. Presently, arising out of some remark made by the Spaniard, the Portuguese is said to have said, “You are a (excision by Censor).” Whereupon the Spaniard is averred to have replied, “And you are a (excision by Censor).” Anybody acquainted with the true meaning of the words will not need to be told that a fierce quarrel was with difficulty averted. For my own part, keeping my duty steadily before me, I did not wait for the upshot, but dashed to the quayside, chartered a special launch, and had myself conveyed across to Tangier without a moment's delay. The Sahara, Tuesday.

At last I feel that I am free to write what I like about the war. In this splendid solitude, uninterrupted by the clash and clang of war, amid which I seem to have been living for years and years, I can set my impressions in order, and give you a history of the war since the commencement. Having finished it, and licked it into deathless prose, I shall carry it to Port Said, and despatch it to your offices by special messenger. It is well that the world should know what has happened, what might have happened, and what will happen. To begin at the beginning, then, I arrived in France on Aug. 4 with instructions to take every reasonable precaution. Having reported myself at the French Embassy, and secured a suite of rooms at the Grand, I went to Voisin's for a chop and a glass of champagne. Here, to my delight, I discovered that my appetite was better than I could have expected, which augurs well for your journal. After dinner—(The remainder of this lengthy message has been excised by a camel, who has since died. The following list of expenses, however, escaped.)

PETTY CASH TO DATE.	
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Pair of revolvers - - - - -	300 „
Sword - - - - -	500 „
Eight daggers - - - - -	800 „
Poison (for self in case of need) - -	1 franc.
Picture-postcards for relatives - -	50 francs.
Photos. of self in khaki - - - - -	900 „
Sundry disbursements for refreshments -	957,436 „
Total	

After many attempts at the total, must refer you to the Cashier. Next address, c.o. General Post Office, Melbourne.

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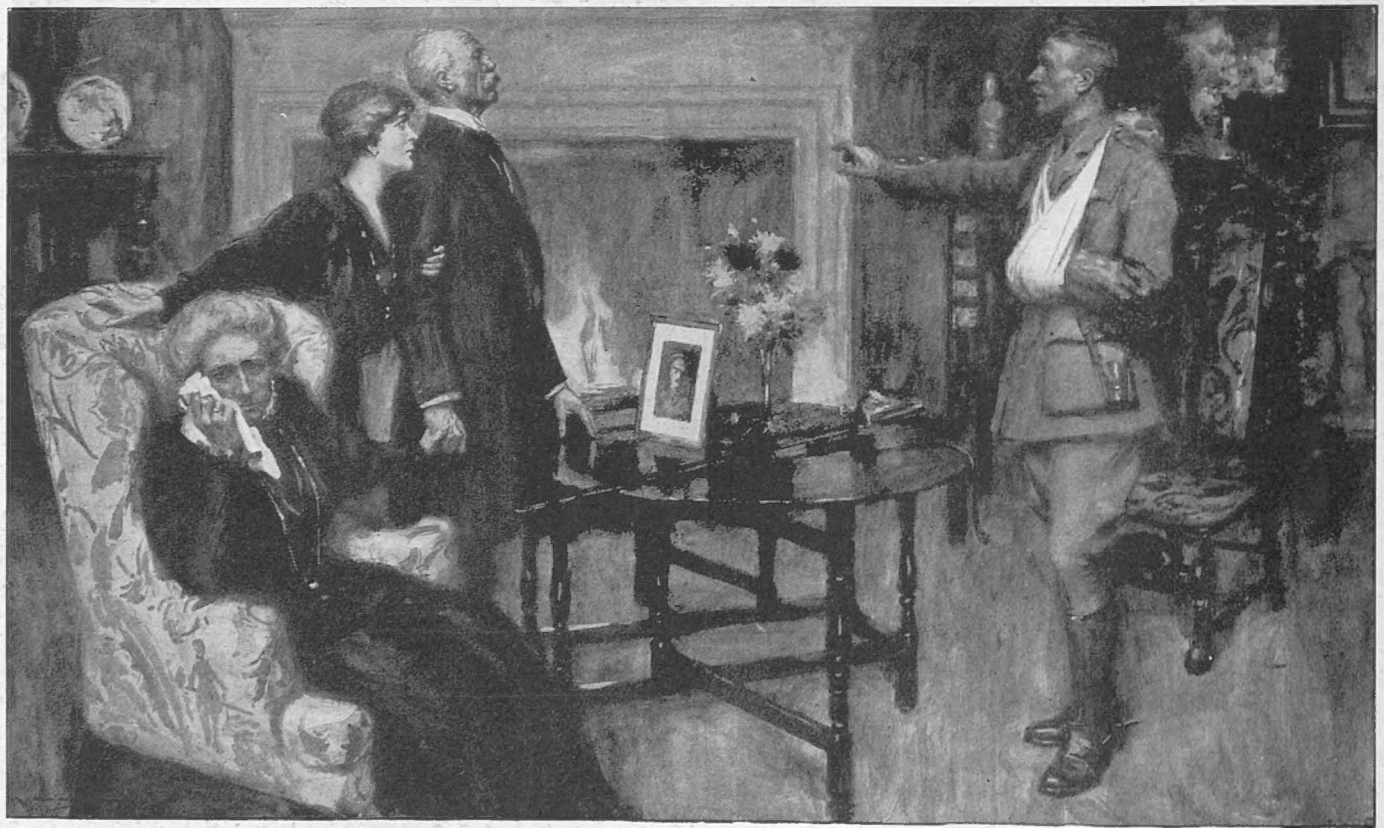
THE GERMAN DODO.

DRAWN BY J. CONACHER.

THE CHRISTMAS PLATES OF THE GREAT WAR.



"THE TAKING OF THE GUNS"—BY THE 9TH LANCERS: FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"THE TALE OF A GLORIOUS END": FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL.

The striking pictures of which we give miniature reproductions are the Christmas Presentation Plates of the "Illustrated London News" for this year of the Great War. Appropriately, indeed inevitably, they are cognate to the one subject uppermost in the public mind—one of which the glory and the pathos will be keenly felt this coming Christmastide. Mr. Caton Woodville, in his magnificent painting, "The Taking of the Guns," shows the splendid charge of the 9th Lancers against German guns in the neighbourhood of Mons during the early days of the British operations at the front—a charge which will live in history among the most heroic deeds of our Army. The 9th Lancers had been covering the retreat of the infantry when they

were told by their Colonel that eleven German guns, a mile away, must be taken. The bugle sounded for the charge, and the Lancers dashed forward amid a hail of shrapnel and rifle-bullets, riding down the enemy's infantry. After putting the guns out of action, they rode back under a fierce fire from guns on their flank. In Mr. A. C. Michael's beautiful painting, "The Tale of a Glorious End," we see the pathos and the pride which the news of a brave soldier "Killed in action" has brought into many a home. The brother-officer who tells the tale himself is wounded, which lends an added note of poignancy. The "Illustrated London News" Christmas Number will be on sale on Dec. 7. The price, as usual, is One Shilling.

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ACTOR AND PROGRAMME-SELLER AT WAR MATINÉES.



A FRENCH STAR AT BRITISH CHARITY PERFORMANCES: MME. EVE LAVALLIÈRE.

The recent matinée at the Alhambra, held in aid of the British Red Cross Society and the Belgian and French Red Cross Funds, enlisted the ready and valuable help of many well-known and clever artists who, with the sympathetic alacrity characteristic of the dramatic and musical professions, came to the help of the sick, the suffering, and the

necessitous. Among them on that occasion was the charming and distinguished French actress, Mme. Eve Lavallière, who appeared in "Some Revue." At the equally successful Empire matinée, held still more recently, in aid of the Belgian Fund, she was content to be a programme-seller.—[Photograph by Hoppé.]

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE COMPLETE SCIENCE OF AVIATION—AND BOMB-DROPPING.*

Britain an Island
 No Longer.

In the Great War, air-craft are used chiefly for five purposes: reconnaissance, otherwise scouting; locating the enemy's batteries; directing the opposing gun-fire by signalling position, range, and errors of aim; fighting the foe's airmen when they are on duty; and bomb-dropping. To these Germany has added the attacking of defenceless cities with the object of terrorising the inhabitants. With the five phases proper, the Navy and the Army have to contend. The civilian is concerned with the last. Great Britain was an island, geographically and tactically. Now that the aerial ocean has been conquered, it is no longer what it was. Fortunately, however, it is not possible to transport vast forces by air. "We are instead liable only to such damage as can be done by aerial raid. The extent of that will be sufficiently indicated by the statement that the largest air-ships possessed by Germany, and operating from her bases in the North Sea at Heligoland and Cuxhaven, can voyage to Dublin and Belfast and return to those bases without the necessity for replenishing supplies on the way. The extreme range of an aeroplane is about half that, otherwise some 600 miles."

The Ocean of
 the Air.

That is remarkable enough when we recall the conditions of the endless Ocean of the Air, which is composed of "bodies and particles of various sizes, partly floating and in part moving at high speed. Man moves about at the bottom of the atmosphere, as submarine creatures crawl about the bed of the ocean. But with the coming of aerial navigation, it has been possible for him to ascend into this wonderful ocean that is 777 times lighter than water." It must be remembered, further, that air-craft, like submarines when they dive from sight, are merged in the ocean they navigate. And the air is at least as treacherous as the sea: it has its currents, its whirlpools, its waves, and its storms—plus pockets, holes in the atmosphere, blanks through which monoplane or biplane must fall. Such dangers the bold pilot faces daily and nightly. He is wrecked sometimes; but much less frequently than the general might calculate. It is well that our gallant Flying Corps have gained a personal ascendancy over the enemy and will stop at no risk to carry out the tasks set them.

The Art of
 Bomb-Dropping.

To return to bomb-dropping and bombs. Mr. Massac Buist has many interesting things to say about this. "In the case of raids made on stationary objects, such as air-ship sheds, camps, and so forth, bombs or aerial torpedoes are usually dropped. Throwing bombs by hand is of no use for this class of work. Instead, one of the methods fairly widely employed is to depend the bombs from gear fixed between the planes centrally under the machine. They are grouped in a dozen, weighing approximately 10 lb. each, and each carrying a 2-lb. charge of explosive. They lie horizontally, much like a bundle of cigars, save that each bomb has fins and a propeller at its stern. The whole series can be discharged in twenty-one seconds, which would represent their falling at regular intervals on an objective 600 feet in length. Therefore, when it is needful to make no mistake about hitting a war-ship, aeroplane shed, or what not, from above, the whole series can be exhausted." That is one point. Here is another. "Inasmuch as the air-craft moves at one speed in one element, and possibly the objective may be something moving at a different speed on land or water below, however, there is employed a sighting apparatus, scarcely larger than that used for a rifle, whereby the pilot can correct his steering for drift of the air-craft relative to the speed of his objective below. By the ingenious arrangement of a series of prisms, he sees through a little glass conveniently to his eye as he sits in the aeroplane, when his objective enters his field; also at what height he is above it. A glance at a little chart at his side informs him precisely how many seconds' interval he is to allow before releasing his bomb, the apparatus being electrically lit for service at night-time. It is even possible for the aviator's assistant to attend to all the work of calculation. He need merely press a button, which shows a light to the pilot at the precise moment he is due to release the bomb. Of course, the curve of the aerial torpedo's drop varies according to the distance of its release from the objective to be reached, the fall becoming, as it were, more vertical the longer it is. For example, if released at 3000 feet, the projectile travels 1400 feet horizontally. All the necessary calculations are worked out for pilot or observer, for, of course, they could never hit the target if they released their missile when over it." Of such are the wonders of modern war! The bombs used are of various kinds: Germany has employed a bomb 10 inches in diameter, with a 1-inch envelope, and with percussion-cap loaded with picrite; naval 8.2 shells charged with trinitrotoluol; and a Zeppelin bomb which, when dropped in the Eastern theatre of war, made in the ground funnels thirty-five feet in diameter.—Mr. Massac Buist's book is heartily to be recommended: it deals with aviation in all its phases, is in picturesquely non-technical language, and is as thorough as it is certain to be popular. It should be bought, read, re-read, and kept.

* "Aircraft in the German War." By H. Massac Buist. (Methuen; 1s. net.)



THE CLUBMAN

THE ETHICS OF FOOTBALLING: POCKET HAND-WARMERS: THE BRAVE BIKANERS.

Football Matches and Enlistment.

It is, of course, a disappointment to men who believe, as I do, that one volunteer is better than three pressed men, that out of the hundreds of thousands of young men who go to watch professional football on Saturdays so few recruits are obtained for his Majesty's Army, though recruiting-sergeants are busy at all the football grounds. I do not see that a young man can be blamed for going on his one spare afternoon in the week to watch a game that gives him the excitement he likes; but it does seem to me that the organisers of professional Association football matches, though they have given every facility for recruiting, have not become energetic recruiters themselves.

What Footballers Could Do.

I wonder how many professional Association football-players have joined the colours, and how many others propose to do so when their contracts for the present season elapse? If the devotees of football knew that the athletes whom they admire so much had given an undertaking to serve his Majesty on the field of battle, and if, before or after a football match, some of the best-known of the players could, and would, tell their admirers that they intended in the spring to slope a rifle for their country, it would have a more immediate effect than the best of talk from the best of soldiers whom the crowds at the football grounds do not know. To ask the football-players to do this is to ask them to make a sacrifice for their country's cause, but it is only asking them to follow the example of their amateur brethren of the football field. In one company of one of the new regiments, commanded by an officer whom I know, there are all, or nearly all, the Rugby team of a county serving as privates.

The Footballers' Battalion.

I read that a Footballers' and Athletes' Battalion is being raised for the New Army, and I am very glad to hear that the staff of this battalion have arranged that the men shall be housed under cover, and shall have a fine recreation-room, a gymnasium, and hot and cold baths. I believe very firmly that the announcement that men of battalions will be properly housed and not put into tents will help recruiting a great deal. A man, however ready he is in the face of the enemy to undergo all privations and all discomforts and all dangers, shies at undergoing unnecessary discomforts during the time that he is preparing to take the field; and the immediate prospect of wet canvas overhead and damp ground to sleep on is more likely to stall off a waverer than any thought of the discomforts of the trenches and the dangers in the foughten field. I am very glad to hear that the troops in training are now being transferred in great quantities to the new huts, and that those huts, with their electric-lights and stoves, are as comfortable dwellings as any soldier could desire.

Hand-Warmers in the Trenches.

Officer of the Russian

And while I am on the subject of the comfort of the troops, I would like to join my voice to that of Colonel Roustam Bek, who is an ex-Staff Officer of the Russian Army, who in the pages of the *Daily Express* counsels our War Office to obtain from the Japanese military authorities particulars of the pocket hand-warmers that the Japanese used during their war against Russia. Colonel Roustam Bek, during the time that he was a prisoner of war in Japan, used these boxes himself, and found that they kept his hands warm in the coldest of weather. The boxes contain some very slow-burning powder the composition of which is a Japanese secret, and the little tin box which contains this powder remains hot for a very long time. The Japanese carry them in their pockets, and the boxes have the same effect that a hot-water bottle has in a bed. Some of the German troops in the field have been supplied with electric hand-warmers; and as the difference in efficiency is great between a man firing a rifle with numbed hands and one firing it with hands well warmed, I hope our Quarter-master-General's department will take the hint of our Russian friend.

The Bikaner Camel Corps.

The Bikaner Camel Corps has been in action in an affair of outposts against the Turks in Egypt, and it has distinguished itself, killing many of the enemy, its own losses being thirteen Sowars missing. Bikaner is a State in the great Desert of India, and its Maharajah, who is very well known in this country, is one of the most valiant and most gallant of the native Indian Princes. He is a Rajput, and one of the Chiefs who is taking a personal part in the present war; the Camel Corps are the Imperial Service troops of his State. He, in person, commanded this corps in the Chinese campaign, and they did excellent service in Somaliland. Camels are one of the products of the Bikaner State, and many of the inhabitants of that land of sandy dunes make their living by breeding camels, and also horses — the steeds for which Bikaner is famous. Jodhpur, another Rajput State, which has sent its Imperial Service Cavalry to France under the young Maharajah and Sir Pertab Singh, is a neighbouring State to Bikaner.

The Dutch Football Teams.

When the war is over and we all start playing games again, we must really ask the Dutch football-players to come over to this country, and put up one of our first-class football teams against them, otherwise they will believe that they are the champion football-players of the world, for a Dutch team has twice beaten the Naval Brigade men interned at Groningen in football matches. Of course, the naval men who went to the succour of Antwerp were not picked for that hazardous military operation for their skill as football-players. But the Dutch must have some fine players to defeat decisively a team picked from some hundreds of British sailors.



PAINTED—ON ACTIVE SERVICE—IN CONDY'S FLUID, IODINE, ETC.: A WAR-POSTCARD BY A SERGEANT OF THE R.A.M.C.

We have received this illustration, and the second one on the same page, from an officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps now at the front. The originals, which are in colour, were done by a sergeant of the unit. Our correspondent draws special attention to the materials used for painting, as mentioned by the sergeant himself under the second illustration.



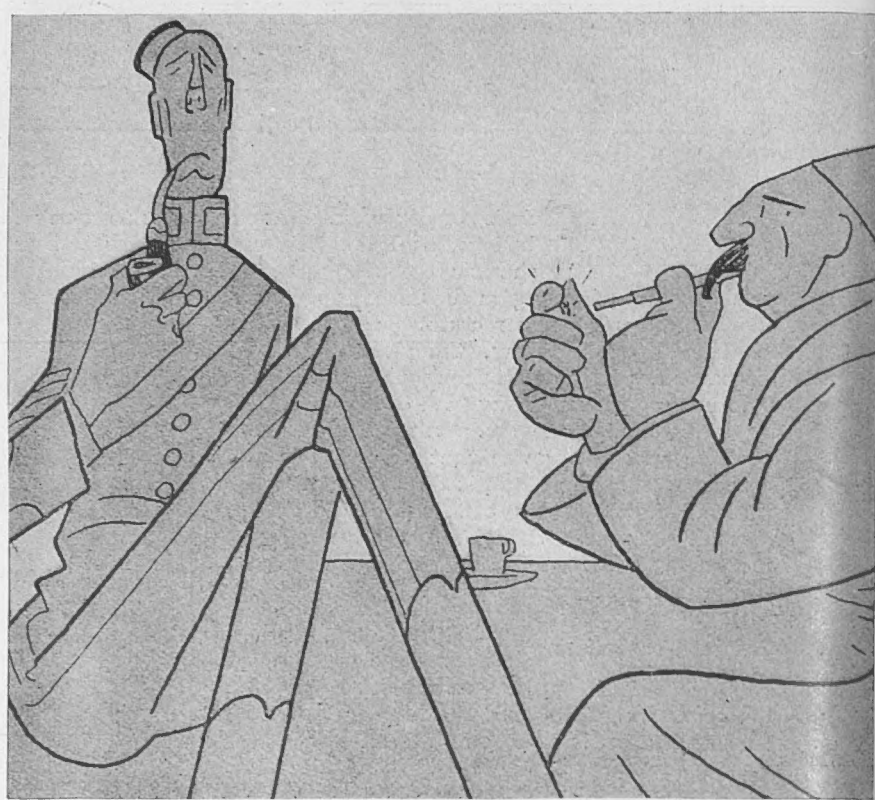
PAINTED—ON ACTIVE SERVICE—IN CONDY'S FLUID, IODINE, ETC.: A WAR POSTCARD BY A SERGEANT OF THE R.A.M.C.

"I've been filling in the spare time doing these," writes the R.A.M.C. sergeant on the back of one of the postcards. "My colouring-material was a bottle of blue ink, a blue pencil, some Condy's Fluid, and iodine. Got no rubber, so can't clean them up. For a brush I had a little cotton wool round a pointed match. How's that?"

THEY KNOW HIM MUCH BETTER NOW! THE GERMAN



THE GALIC COCK AND THE RUSSIAN BEAR AS BAG-PIPES :
A GERMAN CARICATURIST'S NOTION OF A HIGHLANDER.



THE BRITISH SOLDIER AS THE GERMAN CARICATURIST PICTURES HIM :
TALKING POLITICS WITH THE TURK.



A GERMAN CARICATURE TOO CRUDE TO BE AMUSING :
A HIGHLANDER AND TWO FRENCH SOLDIERS.



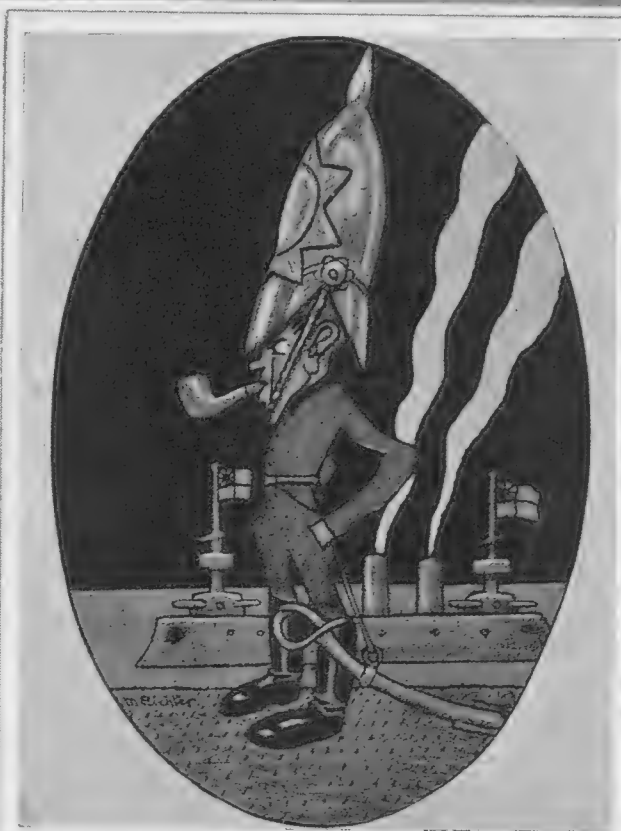
LORD KITCHENER AS THE GERMAN CARICATURIST SEES HIM :
A TEUTONIC IDEA OF OUR COUNTING OF RECRUITS.

There is not the least objection to the German comic artist caricaturing the British soldier if he can, and some of his efforts might be moderately amusing if they were not so hopelessly inaccurate in detail, in the matter of uniforms and so on. A good caricaturist should be as well acquainted with his subject as a serious artist; otherwise his cartoons will lose their point. The German draughtsmen here represented are obviously ignorant of the types they try to burlesque, and their attempts fail accordingly. Some of the drawings call for a few words of explanation. For example, the legend under No. 3 reads : " 'And when you get him out, do you think the Portuguese dog will bite?' " "That is unnecessary, so long as Londoners hear him bark." " No. 4 is entitled "The

CARTOONISTS' STRANGE IDEAS OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER.



TOMMY PROVIDED BY THE GERMAN CARICATURIST WITH A KIND OF "KUKRI":
A BRITISH SOLDIER IN FEARFUL AND WONDERFUL UNIFORM.



LIKE NOTHING IN HEAVEN OR EARTH, BUT SUPPOSED TO BE
A BRITISH SOLDIER: A POINTLESS GERMAN CARICATURE.



MORE LIKE A GERMAN POLICEMAN THAN A BRITISH SOLDIER: THE
TEUTONIC CARTOONIST'S CONCEPTION OF A RECRUITING-SERGEANT.



A UNIFORM WHICH GERMAN SOLDIERS HAVE LEARNED
TO RESPECT: THE KILT IN GERMAN CARICATURE.

Grasping Tommy," and he is saying: "Goddam! We ought to buy the German Army!" The German inscription to No. 5 is: "After the fall of Antwerp. The British soldier and expert thief (to starving French soldiers): 'Now that we have done our little bit to help Belgium, we will do our little bit to help you.' " In No. 6, Kitchener is saying: "If the recruits keep coming in at this rate, I shall very soon have ten million." In No. 7 the recruiting-sergeant says: "Come and join the British Army, my lad. You will get a villa in Rome, a pleasure-yacht in the Mediterranean and—in two months you will be King of the Belgians." The Highlanders in No. 8 are saying: "What can't be done, can't be done. The Navy must come here."

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET? THE ANSWER.



1. DANCING TO PLEASE ARTISTIC LONDON: THE RUSSIAN BALLET
IN "LES SYLPHIDES."

2. DANCING WILLING ATTENDANCE ON THEIR WOUNDED COUNTRYMEN:
LADIES OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET AS RED CROSS NURSES.

What, in these dreadful days of the great war, has become of the Russian Ballet? Such was a question put in a London drawing-room a few evenings since. Somebody then recalled seeing early in August a picture, in either the "Sketch" or "Illustrated London News" of one famous Russian artiste and her no less celebrated husband on a London railway station platform, leaving for Petrograd—the man answering his

country's call as a soldier, the lady to do her self-allotted duty as a Red Cross nurse. That memory may stand as the answer in regard to what has become of the ladies of the Russian Ballet, whose marvellous performances entranced and delighted all London, as well as the other European capitals. Our second photograph shows one group in their Russian nursing dresses.—[Photographs by Bert and Illustrations Bureau.]

FROM BOARDS TO BARRACKS: PLAYERS IN THE WAR DRAMA.



1. FROM "ZULULAND," SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, TO THE WAR AREA: MR. FREDERIC WORLOCK, WHO IS GOING TO THE FRONT.
3. FROM MUSICAL COMEDY TO THE MIDDLESEX IMPERIAL YEOMANRY: MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, WHO HAS JOINED THE TERRITORIALS.

The number of actors who are, or soon will be, on active service in the war is growing. We give portraits of three out of quite a considerable number of recent recruits. No. 1 is Mr. Frederic Worlock, who was so successful as the Caliph in "Kismet"—in which rôle our portrait shows him—and has now resigned an equally successful part, Prince Umbuyazi, in "Mameena," at the Globe Theatre, to accompany his detachment of the London Scottish to the front. No. 2 shows Mr. Worlock at home in the uniform of his regiment. No. 3 shows that popular comedian, Mr. Huntley Wright, at

2. LONDON SCOTTISH INSTEAD OF HISTORIC ZULU: "PRINCE UMBUYAZI" OF "MAMEENA" (MR. WORLOCK) IN HIS UNIFORM.
4. FROM MUSICAL COMEDY TO THE ROYAL NAVY: LIEUT. GEORGE BARRETT, R.N., (AT PRESENT, OF "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND.")

home, keen, alert, and full of humour. He has joined the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry (Territorials). No. 4 shows Lieut. George Barrett, R.N., so well known and well liked in musical comedy, who is now playing in "Miss Hook of Holland," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, but has rejoined the Navy, and is likely to be on active service. Among others serving are Mr. Templer Powell, who is a Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, and Mr. Arthur Scott-Craven, novelist, poet, playwright, actor, and a Lieut. in the Buffs.—[Photographs by Yevonde, Sarony, and Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.]



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

ASKED what the Commander-in-Chief had to do at the front, a Staff Officer answered: "Sit in a tin-house and answer conundrums." Modern warfare not seldom resolves itself, so far as the chiefs are concerned, into the solving of riddles that are invented ten or twenty miles away. The tin-house in which Sir John French sits among maps, telephones, and aides-de-camp, is surrounded by other tin-houses occupied by departmental chiefs, and all of them are deep in riddles. Perhaps the hardest of them (and they are always answered in a trice) come the way of the Quartermaster-General.

From Factory to Firing-Line.

The tin-houses themselves are one of the riddles Major-General Robertson has answered. Other answers spread from the coast to the firing-line, and back again. Nor is the field of his activities confined to France and Belgium. His correspondence, or the correspondence of his department, exceeds many times over that of any other officer concerned in the war. Sir John French, Heaven knows, has responsibilities, but his field where-is-it contains nothing beyond the temporary addresses of the regiments under his command; he is not hampered by account-books nor by files of letters bayoneted on office spikes. While Sir John, for the most part, has to consider the ground in front of him, Sir William Robertson must keep in touch, not only with the ground covered by the Expeditionary Force, but with the centres of supply at home. He must know the lie of Ypres, but he must know a great deal about Birmingham and Manchester as well.

Transport and the Tuck-Shop.

His is the case of a man prepared. His line of business, ever since he looked after the railway transport during the Miranzai and Black Mountain Expeditions twenty-three years ago, has had to do with the care of soldier-men. Born some fifty-odd years ago, Sir William comes of old Lincolnshire stock. From Welbourne, the place of his nativity, he went to a private school, where he is said to have been the matron's right-hand boy, and to have taken supreme command of the tuck-shop. His first regiment was the 3rd Dragoon Guards, which he entered in 1888; after doing useful transport work in the Black Mountains, he was promoted to Staff-Captain and D.A.Q.M.G. of the Intelligence Branch at Simla. For four years he worked hard at the provisioning and quartering of men in India. It will be seen that he has worked at the same subjects in several parts of the world.

The Four P's.

In the meantime, in 1895, he acted as Intelligence Officer to the Headquarters Staff of the Chitral Relief Force. Mentioned in despatches and severely wounded, he got his D.S.O. at the end of the campaign, and was pounced upon by the War Office for its own particular service. With

his wife, whom he had met in India and who was the daughter of another distinguished soldier (the late Lieutenant-General T. C. Palin), he settled down for a short time to town life, but to a town life that was never for a moment oblivious to the interests of camp and field. With the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa he was very soon called upon to take up his duties as an active overseer of the discipline of the British forces on active service. There is no need to dwell on the connection between the work of a D.A.A.G. and the work of a Quartermaster-General. Discipline and supply, behaviour and the cook-pot, are inseparable. General Buller won the devotion and confidence of his men largely on account of his everlasting thoughtfulness for their necessities and comforts, and at the present moment the efficiency and good discipline of our troops

is increased by the excellence of the British commissariat. Pluck, dry powder, and Providence are the three P's in which one noted leader sets his faith: provender makes a good fourth.

Pot-Shots and the Pot.

After South Africa Sir William was booked for seven years by a War Office very desirous of reform. Afterwards, he went to Aldershot as Assistant Quartermaster-General. Aldershot, of all places, was the right school for one who had to prepare for European complications. In all essentials the English private soldier is the same man in France as he is at home. His disapproval of heavy marching-kit (he carries hardly more than half the burdens of the little fighting men of Japan) goes with him from Aldershot to Flanders. When he is fully loaded he calls himself "a bloomin' Christmas-tree," and sheds what he considers to be superfluities at the first opportunity. The problem, then, that a considerate Staff solves is not how to make him carry his own utensils and supplies, but how to carry them for him. Moreover, the average Tommy has not the knack of cooking which is so often found in a Frenchman; in other words, he does not belong to a race of chefs. The French system is still to let each small company have its own fires and its own saucepan: it mixes its soup according to its liking. The German, on the other hand, is wholly dependent on the wholesale cauldron; he counts on a vast official kettle. Between these two comes the British system that answers so extraordinarily well.

Since Moses.

Nobody who has seen the working of the British commissariat in France can doubt the excellence of the system, or fail (if he is a civilian) to lift his hat to Sir William. Our bully-beef and motor-buses are alike the admiration of the French; our tin-houses and our tents are things to get into whenever the opportunity offers. The old-fashioned compliment to pay a Q.M.G. is to say that he is the "best commissariat officer since Moses." Considering the present multiplication of numbers and difficulties, it will bear repetition.



THE MAN WHO FEEDS THE TROOPS LIKE FIGHTING-CKOCKS: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, K.C.V.O.—A LANDER PORTRAIT.

Sir William Robertson's work as Quartermaster-General of the British Army in the field was highly praised in a despatch by Sir John French, who said that he "met what appeared to be almost insuperable difficulties with his characteristic energy, skill, and determination." Our portrait of Sir William is from the painting by Mr. John St. Helier Lander, the well-known artist, who has done portraits of three other Generals mentioned in despatches—Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, Sir Douglas Haig, and Sir Philip Chetwode—as well as one of the Commander-in-Chief. These portraits were given in "The Sketch" of Nov. 4.

From the Portrait by John St. Helier Lander.

MARRIED TO THE HEIR OF A GREAT HOUSE: A WAR BRIDE.



A NEW MARCHIONESS IN HER WEDDING DRESS: LADY TAVISTOCK, WHO IS SPENDING HER HONEYMOON ATTENDING WOUNDED.

The only son of the eleventh Duke of Bedford, Hastings William Sackville Russell, Marquess of Tavistock, was married, very quietly, owing to the war, on Saturday, Nov. 21, to the lady whose portrait we give, who was Miss Louisa Crommelin Roberta Jowitt Whitwell, daughter of Mr. Robert Jowitt Whitwell, of Oxford. The Bishop of St. Albans, assisted by the Rev. F. Norman Thicknesse, celebrated the wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square. Miss Whitwell, the bride's sister, acted as bridesmaid, and among the very few present in the church was the Hon. Louisa Kinnaird, to whose

house in Duke Street, Manchester Square, the wedding-party adjourned after the ceremony. The bride's wedding-dress was of white satin brocade, with a train, and a long tunic of tulle, edged with silver. Both the Marquess and his bride are much interested in philanthropic work, and are spending their honeymoon in attending the wounded at the Y.M.C.A. camps near Endsleigh, Devonshire, one of the seats of the Duke of Bedford. The Hon. Louisa Kinnaird, it will be remembered, is also widely known for her interest in the Y.M.C.A., and in many other philanthropic organisations.—[Photo. Elliott and Fry.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

AMONG the many anecdotes of the Belgian King's unexpected appearances in the firing-line is the tale of a sentry guarding a battery. Wrapped in his cloak, a tall man asked to be allowed to pass. "Not this way," was the answer. "But it is important; here is a hundred francs if you oblige me." "No," said the sentry. "Will you do it for this note for a thousand?" asked the man in the cloak. "No," was again the answer. "Will you for your King?" asked his Majesty, unwrapping himself. There had been tales of treachery among privates at this particular point, and King Albert had put them to the test.

Motoring Risks. All the anecdotes, with one exception, of King Albert and his Army go to prove the bravery of the one and the loyalty of the other. But once, it is said, his Majesty was endangered by a traitor. On that occasion his motor, after seemingly losing its way, suddenly headed for the German lines. With splendid promptitude an officer of the staff seized the wheel and put on the brakes. The German gold found on the chauffeur when searched sealed his fate.

from the good spirits of the Belgian Princesses during an anxious time, the plan of continuing the ordinary discipline of home life is eminently successful.



ENGAGED: MISS ETHEL BLACKBOURNE AND THE REV. WILLIAM M. A. FARREN.

Miss Blackbourne is the elder daughter of the Rev. J. Blackbourne, Chaplain to the Forces, and now with the British Expeditionary Force, and of Mrs. Blackbourne, of St. George's House, Aldershot. The Rev. William Maurice Allan Farren, Chaplain to the Forces, is the eldest son of the late General Sir R. T. Farren, and of Lady Farren, of Stoneylands, Dealings.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

Major Charlton. Major Charlton, of the Flying Wing, began early. He was under twenty when he first served with his regiment in Crete and got the Royal Humane Society's Medal for rescuing a drowning Cretan. He was still in his twentieth year when he had his great adventure on Spion Kop; after which, despite his wounds, he was present at the relief of Ladysmith. Later on, West Africa and the Leeward Islands gave him scope; and, later still, the sky. One of the tallest members of the air service, he has the bearing of a soldier and the eye of the flier; and, all his passengers swear by him. His return to England, he hopes, is only for the time being.

A Napkin Warrior. Some nights ago diners in a well-known restaurant

were told by a hardly less well-known waiter that he was throwing up a lucrative post to go into the Army on the morrow. He imparted the news and made his farewells at



ENGAGED TO MISS FRANCES L. TROTTER: CAPTAIN HUGH S. HEARN, R.A.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HUGH S. HEARN, R.A.: MISS FRANCES L. TROTTER.

Captain Hugh Shuckburgh Hearn is the younger son of the late Major-General Charles S. Hearn, C.I.E., Inspector-General of Police, Madras Presidency, and of Mrs. Hearn, of 6, Norton Road, Hove. Miss Trotter is the third daughter of the Rev. John Crawford Trotter, of The Rectory, Ardraham, Co. Galway.—Mrs. Helyar is the younger daughter of Mr. and



MRS. MAURICE HELYAR (FORMERLY MISS VERA EVANS-LOMBE), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.



CAPTAIN MAURICE HELYAR, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS VERA EVANS-LOMBE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Evans-Lombe, of Bylaugh Park, and Thicketon, Norfolk. Captain Helyar, of the Rifle Brigade, is the elder son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Helyar, of 11, Royal Crescent, Bath, and grandson of Viscount Sidmouth. The wedding was held earlier than was anticipated owing to the war.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

The Blade in the Field. King Albert, despite the vagaries of campaigning, does not grow a beard. Like the British soldier, he is a master, under difficulties, of the gentle art of a clean shave. It is notable, in any hospital ward of wounded officers, that nothing breaks the habit, except bandages that actually bar the way. Then, and then only, is the routine of razor abandoned. But in King Albert's case a beard would not come too strangely: as Crown Prince he wore one for several years.

In the Belgian Royal Nursery. Like most Belgian children, King Albert's little daughters are marvellously well-behaved. They would be scandalised at the laxity of R.L.S.'s famous couplet in which he seems to make allowances for less orderly members of the flock: it is the duty, he writes, of little ones that they—

Behave mannerly at table—

At least, as far as they are able.

The rule of the Belgian nursery is a strict one, and even the war is not permitted to interfere with its proper observance. Lessons take their ordinary course, and the imposition of "lines" is not, it appears, the monopoly of English governesses. If one may judge



VISCOUNT CHARLEMONT AND HIS WIFE (FORMERLY MISS EVELYN HULL), WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR THE 26TH.

Viscount Charlemont is the eighth holder of a title dating from 1665; was born in May 1880; and succeeded in 1913. His bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. P. Hull, of Earlswood Mount, Surrey.

Photographs by Swaine and Collings.



the end of the meals he had served, and in consequence reaped a little harvest. At one table he got five, at another, ten shillings, and so on. Two days later one of his patrons was dining at a restaurant of a more ambitious character and found him still in the old uniform of white shirt and tail coat. The diner, being indignant, and an American, summoned the manager, and had the man dismissed. It is not impossible that the Army will get him after all, and reform him.

P.M. and L.C.J. : A Spoiled Romance. It is many weeks since we told the tale of Lord Kitchener and the governess. "You must get rid of your German," K. of K. had said to a Cabinet Minister. "But she has been with us for years; she is one of the family." "Get rid of her," the War Secretary repeated. The day she left she was arrested, and proved to be a spy. Such was the story we printed and discredited, and it is now known to have been an invention at the P.M.'s expense. As things have fallen out, we may almost deplore the non-existence of this particular Downing Street spy. How picturesque it would have been had she lived and been wedded to the L.C.J.'s chauffeur—by special Home Office license.

A MARQUESA MARRIED TO A WOUNDED BRITISH OFFICER.



The Marquesa de Piro, whose husband, Lieut. K. I. Macpherson, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was wounded recently while in action in Belgium, is the seventh holder of the title, which was granted by Philip V. of Spain, in 1742. She was born in 1892; succeeded her father in 1911; and, in the following year, married

Mr. Macpherson, who is the eldest son of the late Sir J. Molesworth Macpherson, well known in India, on the Viceroy's Council, and, later, at the India Office. The Marquesa and her husband have been in the habit of spending only a very short part of the year in this country, devoting the rest to travelling.

Photograph by the Warschawski Studios.

FORM FOURS: PEOPLE IN THE SEARCHLIGHT OF WAR.



1. "SERVING IN A MILITARY CAPACITY IN GERMANY": PRINCE ALBERT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, SON OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

2. VALUED BY THE KAISER AT £1000: COMMANDER SAMSON, ON WHOSE HEAD H.M. HAS SET THAT PRICE.

3. EXCHANGED FROM THE WINGS TO THE MILITARY WING OF THE R.F.C.—AND NOW WINGED: SECOND LIEUTENANT ROBERT LORAIN.

4. A WOMAN AS WAR-CORRESPONDENT: MISS BLY, AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST WITH THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN FORCES.

In the House of Commons the other day, Mr. Asquith stated, in reply to a question, that Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein was "serving in a military capacity in Germany." Asked whether "the status of this family of evidently German sympathies" would be inquired into, and whether he considered it "just or expedient that the British taxpayer should be called on to pay for the upkeep of this family to the extent of some £6000 a year," Mr. Asquith replied that the question only related to a particular individual. Another Member asked whether the Premier was "aware that Princess

Christian had a son in the British Army who did very gallant service." Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein's elder brother, Prince Christian Victor, served in South Africa as an Extra A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, and died of enteric fever in 1900.—The name of Mr. Robert Loraine, the well-known actor, appeared in a list of wounded officers issued on Nov. 26.—Some German prisoners recently reported that the Kaiser had offered £1000 reward to any soldier who would kill the commander of the British armoured-trains.—[Photographs by C.N., Topical, and International Illustrations, Ltd.]

COMFORT-GIVING SERVICES: LESSONS IN RED CROSS DUTIES.



1. ON FRIENDLY TERMS WITH THEIR BONY PART! R.A.M.C. MEN HAVING A LESSON IN ANATOMY, WITH THE AID OF A FRIENDLY SKELETON AND A DIAGRAM.

2. DISPENSING CIGARETTES TO SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES: MRS. WYNN HANDING "SMOKES" TO A BELGIAN.

Here are two photographs illustrating comfort-giving services during the war. In the first case, men of the R.A.M.C., training for duty at the front, are having a lesson in anatomy. In the second, Mrs. Wynn, of that very valuable institution, Dr. Hector Munro's

Flying Ambulance, which is doing such fine work at the front, is seen distributing cigarettes to Belgian soldiers near Pervyse. Mrs. Wynn is garbed, it will be noticed, in thoroughly workmanlike style—[Photos. Farrington Photo. Co. and Newspaper Illustrations.]

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

NUTS AND SENTIMENT. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

IF I remember well, I had to "shut up" (as you say in Shakespeare's English) last week just as I wanted to touch on the "nut" sentimental. Now, the whole world—and his best girl—knows as well as I do that sentiment is as hopelessly defunct a fashion as last year's pattern in socks, so to speak, and that the dearest son of the saintliest mother, while he may worship her with the whole heart that beats under his black braces (I am told this is the latest *cri*, much more *chic* than khaki ones), will speak of the "mater" as "an awfully decent sort, don't-cher-know," and be very careful to hide his adoration. But the war has changed all that. With the tremendous force of all things real it has pierced even the shell of the "nut" right to the very kernel. The nut has been thrown to the earth with a crash, and he found the earth beautiful. He to whom a stream meant salmon-fishing, the woods pheasant-shooting, the river a *vis-à-vis* with ankles on red cushions, and the country week-endings of short and silly idylls—he, in the tent where he wakes and the trenches where he waits, in the tramping of roads inexorably long and strange as nightmares, has been gripped for good by Nature, naked, unmarked, and unamiable. He is no longer ashamed of owning a soul and showing it. He has rubbed his mind's eyes and looks around him. Now that he is busy, he finds time for observation.

It is not only Nature *au naturel* that has taken hold of his imagination: mere men amaze him. His platoon puzzles him, then interests him—the men in it are so different from the men he knew: they are so poetically primitive, and he takes notes of the sayings and the doings of this, for him, new race of men around him. And, as the discomfort of a canvas camp-bed on unstable trestles has the knack of freeing the mind from sleep, words come to the "nut"—words that weave themselves into verse, and run into rhyme almost without volition on his part. And the post brings me poems from the Field or the Plain, and prose-pictures of military life.

And some of them are simple and beautiful. Shall I tell you of the roctambulist piper? (as I cannot find the letter in which it was told—and very prettily told, too—I will tell it to you in my own way). On a certain moonlight night an officer friend of mine was dreaming, wide-awake, lying fully dressed on his tricky trestle-bed,

when a silent silhouette spread itself on the white cone of ground he could see in front of his tent. The shadow passed, ridiculously shapeless—a swinging skirt, the gigantic angle of an elbow—and it was gone. The dreamer jumped from his bed and followed the shadow, which was that of a very tangible Scotch piper with white legs and rhythmic walk. The piper made straight for the wood. Then he oriented himself, raised his bag-pipe and shrilly sang a message home. The notes trembled in the trees and went up

across country wherever they were meant to go—thoughts of sound, birds of love. He made six paces in the wood, stopped again, turned towards the same dear direction and sent his message through the wind. Again and again he went, and stopped, and so went to the very heart of the wood, calling to the distance to be less distant. The wood shivered and remembered. "Pan is resuscitated!" it whispered. And the dreamer returned to his tent on tip-toe.

And apropos of weird music, have you heard the singer, saint, scholar, prophet, philosopher, and poet—Professor Inayat Khan, of Baroda? I heard him the other day at the Poets' Club, at the Monico—he and his Indian accompanists. We were all stirred already by the recital of war poems and the speech of Mr. Henry Newbolt, and Inayat Khan stood up and sang with arms outspread as a shepherd calling his flock to protection. What the song said, I do not know, but it came from so long ago that the Regent's Room seemed a ridiculous anachronism. It descended that song from the mountain-top, cold and sure, and pure and insinuating like a rivulet of melting snow, then it poised itself and swiftly fell as implacably as an eagle in a ravine, then it made itself reassuring and serene and ran quite close to earth as a lazy wave of wind over the humble corn. And the men looked at the dark, bearded figure in the black robes and listened and thought of David singing before the Ark or other

people foggy and dusty with age who also sang. I know, some of them told me, but their recollections were of such learned and ancient sources that I forget them; while we women, who are not yet, thank God, scholarly and unwise enough to give to the Past precedence over the Present, merely closed our eyes and listened with a heart that beat, struggled, and stilled itself suddenly like a lark in a springe.



THE MARRIAGE OF A MARQUESS: LORD TAVISTOCK AND HIS BRIDE.

Very quietly, owing to the war, the only son and heir of the Duke of Bedford was married on Saturday, Nov. 21, at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Miss Louisa Crommelin Roberta Jowitt Whitwell, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jowitt Whitwell, of Thornbury Lodge, Oxford. Miss Whitwell (who acted as bridesmaid to her sister), the bride's parents, the Hon. Louisa Kinnaird, and the bridegroom's best man were the only other persons present. The Marquess of Tavistock is twenty-five, and the Marchioness twenty-one. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of St. Albans, assisted by the Rev. F. M. Thicknesse, Rector of St. George's. Lord Tavistock is a member of the 10th Battalion Middlesex Regiment (Territorials).—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Kultur.



AN EXTRA SPECIAL CONSTABLE DIS(H)COVERING A GERMAN WAITER IN THE ACT OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION FOR A CONCRETE GUN-BED.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



"WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

By "BARTIMEUS."

IT is possible that Millicent Carver's upbringing had not been such as to fit her in every respect for life as the wife of an impecunious Lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy.

Poverty she certainly recognised in most of its aspects; but the chief weapons employed by her family in battle with this Enemy of Mankind—the shifts and contrivances in housekeeping, the technical domestic skill—had been wielded by other hands than hers. She was the exceedingly pretty daughter of a country rector. But her father had not always been a rector: there was a time when he had been a curate somewhere in Holloway, and a very poor curate at that. It was during those lean years that Millicent's mother perhaps lost sight of the beauty of feminine accomplishment in the Domestic Arts, in the ceaseless drudgery of kitchen and washtub, subterranean sculleries and beeswaxed linoleum. . . .

The living of Middle Deeping, with its comfortable £250 a year, its tennis-lawn and garden and discreet box-hedges, seemed a demesne after that. The Rector battened his starved soul upon books; his faded, toil-worn wife turned to the refreshment of their little garden as one of her own flowers turned to the sunlight. Millicent existed beautifully; also, it is to be feared, a little impractically.

"The child *ought* to learn to do things about the house," said Mrs. Carver a little vaguely from time to time, as her conscience tweaked her. But one summer, with its tennis and picnics, the undergraduate admirers and school-girl intimacies, slipped so quickly into another. The tucks came out of Millicent's muslin frocks, the long golden pigtail was wound round her small head. . . .

"Give the child a little longer to enjoy herself. Time to teach her the realities of life when she grows up," the Vicar would reply, and buried himself anew in his study, where the thud of tennis-balls and laughter of young voices on the lawn outside reached him as things very remote and inconsequent. . . .

Then Mannering came to spend his summer leave with his uncle in the grey Georgian house among the elms you could see from the bay-window of the rectory dining-room . . . and to walk one fine morning into the Rector's study with the electrifying announcement that he wanted to marry Millicent. . . .

"He has very little besides his pay, of course," said the Vicar from his side of the bed, when he came to recount the details of the interview to his wife, in that subdued, intimate dialogue that precedes marital slumber. "But he is in command of a torpedo-boat-destroyer, and is in receipt of a very reasonable salary. His prospects are good, and he himself struck me as a wholesome, manly young fellow, and very devoted to our little chick." The Vicar sighed. "Though how they have had time to become sufficiently acquainted with each other passes my comprehension."

His wife had just come from the candle-lit confessional of her daughter's room, where, within the shelter of her arms, had been unfolded the happy, shy amazement of a heart awakening to the old, old miracle. "They met last winter when Milly went to stay with the Lawrences. She is very happy," replied Mrs. Carver gently. "And, after all, they will be wealthy in comparison to what we started with—"

"Our £98 a year! Yes; and he tells me he has expectations from Sir David—"

"And now she really must learn to cook. She ought to be able to make little things for tea when their friends call. . . . Home-made things are so much nicer than things one buys in a shop, I always think. . . . And she might take a few lessons in dress-making with advantage. Miss Cantle, down in the village, would give her some hints gratis, I feel sure, in exchange for an order for part of the trousseau. I wish her arithmetic were better, though . . . she ought to keep accounts in a little book. . . . He will, of course, be generous. . . ." And the two dear voices whispered on in the darkness, planning and building castles in Spain, strewing roses along the path their daughter was to follow.

But Millicent didn't learn much cooking, and her visits to Miss Cantle were confined chiefly to the trying-on of tweeds, and the fingering (a little absent and dreamy-eyed) of filmy garments of lace and ribbons and embroidery. She had to stay with Lionel's relations, and they were many. She met, in turn, the claims of girl-friends who had evolved Lionels of their own, and required understanding sympathy. (Come and stay, Milly darling, and you can sleep with

me, and then we can really *talk* . . .") ran one invitation.) Some there were whom contemplation of the little unfamiliar diamond "half-hoop" ring on Millicent's left hand sufficed to send into trances of ecstatic and delicious melancholy . . . Others in dire need of a bridesmaid . . . according to the stage to which their affairs had progressed.

Then suddenly the Day rushed towards her as the earth rushes towards a descending aviator. There were presents to be unpacked in bewildering confusion; endless letters to be written in her round, bold, girlish hand; and then, after a vivid, unforgettable day of tears and orange-blossoms, Mendelssohn and headaches, prayers and rice and farewell, she was Mrs. Lionel Mannering.

And for this stupendous leap into the unknown, this shouldering of a fraction of the nation's destiny, she had received about as much preliminary training as a Persian kitten.

They spent the honeymoon in London, which, next to a primeval forest, is perhaps as good a place for the purpose as any. With all its hurrying vastness, it can be the loneliest place in the Universe if you are by yourself or with just one other. . . .

After the flower-scented, chintz-adorned rooms of Middle Deeping Rectory, and the cosy luxury of a London West-End hotel, lodging-house rooms in a dockyard port somehow assume an insignificance almost sordid. But it was here they came a fortnight later, hand in hand in the depths of a musty four-wheeler, to make their bow to Life together.

II.

The next morning, as Millicent watched her Lionel's retreating back from the window, on his way down to the dockyard and his ship, the landlady toiled up the stairs to their little sitting-room. She came, full of kindly intent and breathing heavily, to offer Millicent a little advice upon matrimony and life generally in a dockyard port. If the twenty years that her roof had sheltered young couples counted for anything, she should have been eminently qualified to give it. But Millicent was unaccustomed to advice, and at the outset the landlady called her "my dear" ("As if I were a chorus-girl," said Mrs. Mannering, relating the incident to her husband that evening). Whereupon Millicent became very much the daughter of the Rector of Middle Deeping, still more the wife of the Lieutenant in command of one of his Majesty's destroyers, and altogether rather wanted smacking.

Official visits were paid and returned; names written in books, invitations came to dances at Admiralty House. . . . Millicent peeped above the horizon of Official Society. Millicent, very dainty and self-confident in her pretty trousseau-frocks, enjoying to the full the naïve admiration of Lionel's naval men-friends.

"Where are they staying?" asked a trim little woman, the wife of a Staff Surgeon. "I shall go and call on her." This was during a lull in the games at the Badminton Club.

"Number 21," replied another. It was unnecessary to mention the street. There was only one where these new couples began life. A local cynic had once named it "Harmony Row."

"That's Mrs. Allen," said a third. "The bath water *never* gets properly hot there. Ted and I were there two years ago when we had a job in the dockyard." She was the sort of wife that said "We."

"Her husband's quite junior, isn't he?" interposed the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander. She pronounced it "juniah," which was silly of her, because she could talk quite properly if she liked.

"Oh, my dear, yes," her friend assured her. "Quite." She had formed the private opinion (which she hadn't liked to express aloud) that the new Mrs. Mannering rather gave herself airs.

They called singly and in pairs, and Millicent, in her prettiest tea-gown, gave them China tea in fragile, wedding-present tea-cups, and wondered, as they talked, if the day would ever come when she would refer to her husband's friends by their Service nicknames, and find interest in the dates on which ships would recommission, and who was likely to relieve the Flag-Lieutenant if he were to be promoted. . . .

It is to be feared many of her guests came away rather inclined to share the opinion of the friend of the Lieutenant-Commander's wife.

But through the medium of the Wives' Friendly Association came

[Continued overleaf.]

FIGHTING FIJI; AND FIGHTING FLYERS: EMPIRE - MEN.



DRILL WHOSE EFFECT THE GERMANS WILL FEEL! SOME OF OUR FIJIAN SOLDIERS, A DETACHMENT OF WHOM HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED FOR THE FRONT.



MEN WHO HAVE OUTMATCHED THE GERMANS IN THE AIR AND BOMBED ZEPPELINS: COMMANDER SAMSON, R.N. (GERMAN PRICE, £1000); WITH SOME OF HIS OFFICERS AND MECHANICS.

Fiji, as a dependency of the British Empire, is to take active part in the war. The Colonial Office, it is announced, has sanctioned the sending of a contingent of native troops for service at the front. The natives are a tall, well-built race, and should prove good soldiers. Our illustration shows a squad at bayonet-exercise under a British officer.—In our second photograph, we have a group of officers and mechanics of the Naval Wing of the Royal Flying Corps who are or have been in France. Of the officers seated in the front row, Lieut. Babington, R.N., one of the three who raided the Zeppelin headquarters at Friedrichshafen on Nov. 21, is at the end on the

left. Next to him is Commander Briggs, R.N., who commanded on the occasion and fell into the enemy's hands. Fourth from left, and in the centre, is Commander Samson, R.N., the officer in charge of the Naval Wing squadron, celebrated for, among other exploits, his motor-car fight with Uhlans. The Kaiser is said to have offered £1000 for his capture. Lieut. Marix, R.N., who bombed the Düsseldorf Zeppelin shed on Oct. 8, sits next; and seventh from the left, with a white dog, is Lieut. Beavor, R.N., who was lost with Lord Annesley in crossing the sea between England and France.—[Photographs by Topical and Cribb.]

her introduction to another sort of society altogether. Official, to a certain extent it was, but to shine in this society one required accomplishments quite different from what Millicent then possessed.

"There's that new little Mrs. Mannering," said Mrs. McBain, the Vice-President of the Association, to her friend the Honorary Secretary, as the two ladies sat at tea in the big drawing-room of the "Official Residence" occupied by the former's husband. "I don't like to shoulder too much on to her. I gave her some names"—she rose and crossed to her paper-littered desk and selected a small note-book. "I asked her if she would show that girl in Cleever's Rents how to make a flannel petticoat. She said she'd try, but she'd never learned to sew properly, and was quite sure she couldn't manage button-holes. . . . She's a nice little thing, but quite, quite helpless. We're awfully short-handed, too, with the Morseleys and the Dentons and the Fanes on leave. But what can I do? Besides, I don't like to send that child to see some of the really bad cases."

The Honorary Secretary made an impatient gesture. "She's got to learn. She must face life sooner or later."

"Yes; but, my dear, the degradation of some of those homes—if you can call them homes. The misery of some women . . . their diseases. . . . She looks such a child, too, with her pretty new frocks. . . ." Mrs. McBain referred again to the note-book. "I've given her some of the better-class wives to visit. They don't really want visiting, but they like it; they like talking about their husbands and showing off their bonny children. . . . And it will do her good. It will be a start, anyway."

So Millicent was provided with a list of neat homes with polished brass door-knobs, where she visited trim wives and admired the proportions of healthy, cleanly children, and accepted a cup of tea graciously—much, in fact, as she had done among the parishioners of Middle Deeping. To a certain extent she thus acquired an insight into the home lives of the better-class bluejacket, their wives' thrift and cheerfulness, the means whereby they contrived to make two ends meet on a very meagre allowance.

She had not, however, penetrated the narrow courts and slums that fringed the creeks and backwaters of the great dockyard, clustering round beer-houses and grog-shops as chickens gather to their mother's wing. She had not made the acquaintance of the Second Class Stoker's girl-wife, whose monthly allotment was 30s., and who contrived on this not only to exist herself, but to rear a puling baby. Neither had she met the wives whose husbands, serving in China or the Cape Stations, neglected to send them any money at all . . . wives who hung round the grog-shops at closing time for what would bring them the price of a meal and a bed. . . .

She was destined, however, to know all these in time, and to meet them, moreover, with an understanding and sympathy that wrung her heart-strings, but found her dry-eyed and steady of nerve. . . .

Their married life was only a few months old when the bolt fell. A few days of suspicions and rumours; Lionel very silent and noisily cheerful in turns when he came ashore after working hours to take her fishing or to play tennis. . . . And then, abruptly, he came ashore no more. All leave was stopped. She climbed the hill behind the town, from where she could see his destroyer at anchor in the stream, in time to see the whole flotilla gliding out of the harbour into the Unknown. A couple of days of suspense, during which she forgot the Sailors Wives' Association, forgot even to do her hair prettily, or to eat proper meals . . . and then War!

The streets took on a strangely unfamiliar aspect with no blue-jackets to be seen anywhere. The railway stations and trains were thronged with blue-clad drafts moving off to ships at distant ports. Swiftly the harbour emptied: a spiked boom crept across the entrances to the breakwater, and night and day the dockyard echoed with the clang of hammers and the clatter of pneumatic riveters as new ships were hurried to completion.

Rumours, baseless and terrible, trembled in the very air, flew from mouth to mouth till lunch, and were denied at tea-time. Then came authentic news of a naval engagement in the North Sea. "Great British Victory," sang the placards; and the women, who are concerned at heart with more than victory or defeat, gathered round the notice-boards outside Admiralty House, whereon the list of casualties records each day the price of Admiralty.

Here it has to be recorded that Millicent contemplated flight to the sanctuary of Middle Deeping. But while she was in the act of contemplation—while, in fact, she was engaged in pulling boxes out from under her bed, preparatory to packing in an atmosphere of eau-de-Cologne and sal-volatile—Mrs. McBain was ushered in.

"Are you busy?" she asked abruptly. "Then I want your help very badly. My car is at the door—can you come now?" Her strong, self-reliant personality at once inspired the red-eyed Millicent with confidence and new courage.

"What is there I can do?" she asked.

"Well, there is a good deal of distress among the very poor—can you put your things on now, and I'll explain while you are dressing?" Millicent obediently pinned on her hat while Mrs. McBain (who was the wife of a very capable officer of high rank) sat on the bed.

"You see," she explained, "the men get paid weekly when they are in port, and they bring so much home every Friday night to their wives for the rent and the week's housekeeping. But the ships all left at a moment's notice, before the men got their last week's pay. There are hundreds of homes where there isn't a penny in the house to buy food with, and there won't be till the men can write and send them money." She led the way down the narrow stairs to the door, outside which the car was waiting. "Cleever's Rents," she said grimly to the chauffeur as they got in, and the car started. "Of course, in most cases it is only a temporary embarrassment. The Admiralty allotments become due on the first of next month as a matter of course" (this was all Greek to Millicent), "and most of the men allot. But that's three weeks away, and they live simply from one week to another, without any reserve in hand—nothing put by." She opened her satchel. "I've got a list here—it's as much as we can manage this morning. I want you, if you will, to go round to all the houses I've ticked off and see how they are off for absolute necessities. Some, of course, may have a little put by, but the majority will be pawning their things. . . . I'd better give you some money from the funds for cases of immediate distress. . . . And the others, you might just note on the list how much they have got in the house."

Millicent took the money and the list and a piece of lead-pencil, and for the first time for nearly a week ceased to wonder if Lionel's destroyer had been blown up by a mine—in fact, she stopped thinking about him altogether, because her tired brain had something else to occupy it.

The woman at her side put out a gloved hand and rested it for an instant on the girl's knee. "I ought, perhaps, to warn you not to be upset at things you see . . . or hear . . . I wouldn't have asked you to come if the need had not been so great. We are going to a very poor quarter. Sailors do not always make ideal husbands, nor do they always choose ideal wives. . . . You will see much misery. But at a time like this we women can do so little to help, and the little we can do is here." She nodded towards the squalid court into the entrance to which the car was turning; her firm lips closed resolutely, and her grey eyes shone.

After a while came news of a German naval victory.—"Submarine Attack on the British Fleet," the contents bill of the evening paper said, and in a thousand humble homes in that port alone the Angel of Death paused and passed on. All next day the crowd of women clustered round the notice-boards as fresh lists came out. Women with threadbare shawls over their heads, or no shawls at all, women with children at their dragged skirts and shrunken bosoms—to turn away piteously, like blind things. . . .

Then it was, I think, that Millicent understood something of her mission as the wife of a naval officer. Down in Cleever's Rents and the scores of mean streets that stretched beyond there were women's tears, women's voices: the voice of Rachel weeping for her children. Rachels bleary-eyed and unlovely, Rachels with tear-smudged faces and dishevelled hair, Rachels wedded and ringless—refusing to be comforted. Millicent went among them all, but a Millicent suddenly strengthened, a self-contained, dry-eyed woman of purpose, learning things of necessity, because she had to teach them to others who looked to her for help. And a few months later came the news that her husband's destroyer had been sunk in an engagement with the enemy, and that he and two-thirds of his crew were missing. . . .

After the first bitter shock and grief had passed, she turned again to her work among the women with a new understanding—if possible, with a deeper compassion in her heart. "Mary, pity women!" But of what avail weeping and wringing of hands among all this misery? "The little we can do is here," Mrs. McBain had said, the pillar and sure refuge of them all in those dark days. So Millicent stayed; and quite suddenly—sooner, it seemed, than any had expected—she could go among the women no more. . . .

The suddenness of it made it impossible for her to go home to Middle Deeping. But Mrs. McBain fetched her in the car to the big "Official Residence," and tended her in the great four-poster bed in the guest-chamber that tradition said Nelson had slept in.

The same lady it was who tiptoed across the thick carpet one evening with an official telegram in her hand, which she held to the faint glow of the night-light.

"Millicent, are you awake? . . . Dear, I have got news for you—but you must lie very quiet and not get excited." Her own voice trembled. "A telegram has just come—Jim brought it to me and said I could tell you: your husband and fifteen men were picked up after the battle by a German trawler, clinging to bits of wreckage. . . . Dear, he's prisoner of war and safe—Oh, my dear, I'm so glad! . . ." And the next instant the two women were weeping in each other's arms.

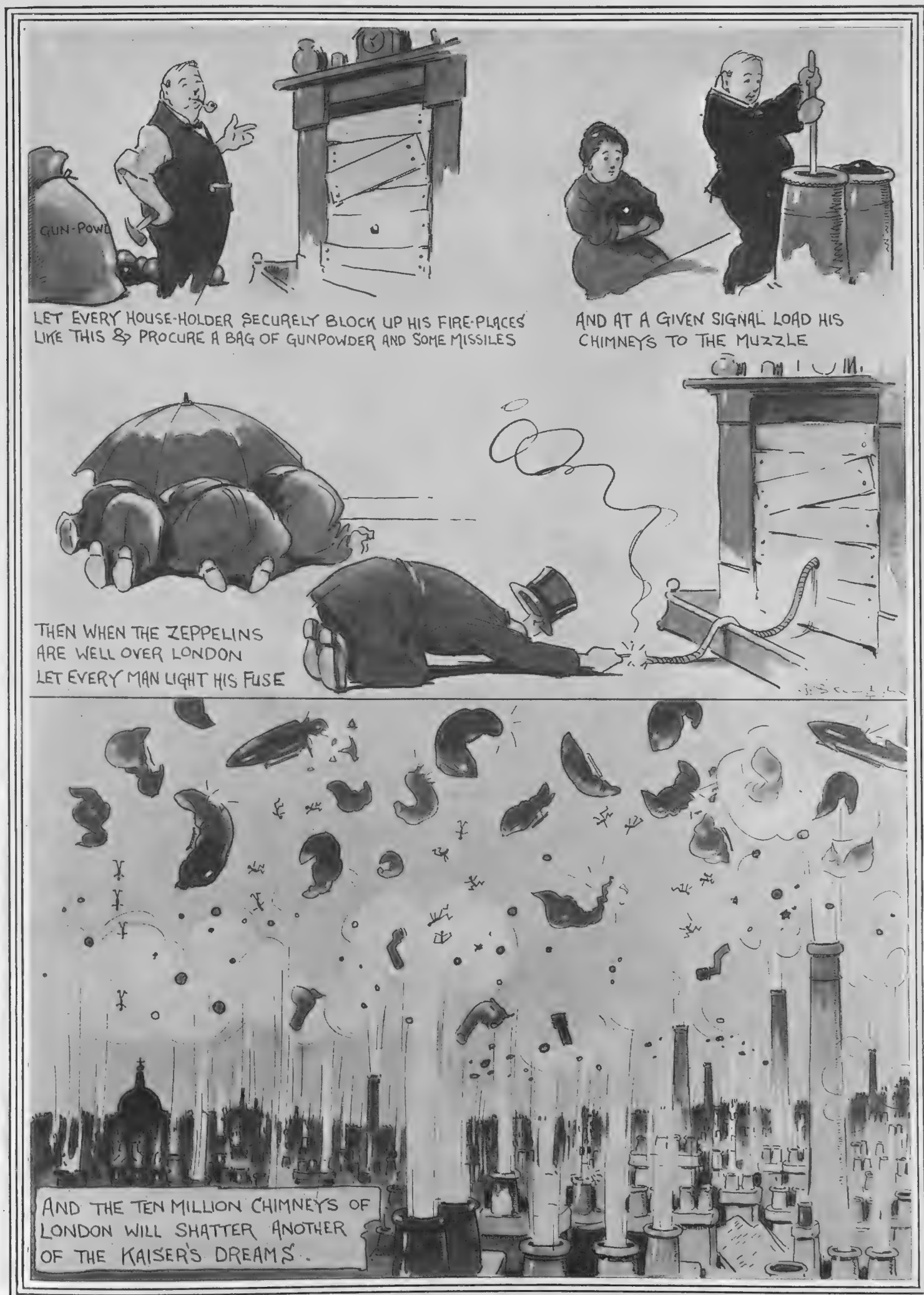
A timely exchange of prisoners brought Mannering home while the tiny pink and wrinkled atom still lay at Millicent's breast. He bent over the bed, enfolding them both hungrily in his great lean arms.

"Our son!" whispered Millicent weakly, but oh! with what pride.

Deep in their hearts they knew that this war, the desolation, anguish, and suffering that they had shared with countless millions, was to make a mightier Empire for his heritage.

THE END.

THE HOUSEHOLD (ANTI-AIRCRAFT) BRIGADE.



THE HEARTH-GUN FOR HOME DEFENCE: A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR THE ZEPPELINS IF THEY RAID LONDON.

DRAWN BY G. E. SIDDY.



SIR Henry and Lady Norman have one hundred wounded soldiers in the hospital under their control at Wimereux. This hundred is a shifting population, and represents, of course, a very much larger total of patients. They are fortunate in "show" cases, for they have in their care that desideratum of

every hospital—the winner of a Victoria Cross. All too frequently the act that wins the V.C. means death, but the case of Lieutenant Dimmer (although it meant six wounds) is happily an exception. Another patient who receives the solicitous care of Lady Norman and her staff is an officer of the Prussian Guard who was married six days before he left Berlin.

Sir Henry's Motors. The whole of the motor-service of the Wimereux hospital is looked after by Sir Henry Norman, an expert of long standing in this branch of mechanics. He has eight motor-ambulances to keep running, as well as a motor-lorry, and has been able to register many admirable achievements in the way of speedy and efficient journeys to and from the firing line. Three weeks ago the hospital was an hotel full of guests and waiters, with not a wound to show between them. Now it is responsible for ten operations a day, and numberless cures. Sir Henry is a great worker, and from that point of view is having the time of his life.

A Distinguished Refugee. Emile Verhaeren, to whom our Universities are showing kindnesses in the form of honorary degrees, is not new to England. He stayed here for a long time during what the critics call his "pathological period," when he was "full of pessimism and despair." The relief he sought (or was he encouraging the mood?) consisted of endless journeys on the Underground. He could not speak a word of English, and troubled nothing about the names of stations. When that recreation palled, he visited Glasgow and was fascinated by its reek of soot and tar. The Tube, in these days of Verhaeren's return, could not provide two-pennyworth of soot in a week's journeys, and the Underground is reformed. But so is the poet, and he probably no longer desires to justify a title bestowed on him in the past—the Raphael of Filth.



MARRIED TO AN EARL'S DAUGHTER :
MR. GERALD G. PETHERICK.

Mr. Gerald G. Petherick, who was married on Nov. 21, to Lady Jeane Pleydell-Bouverie, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, is the eldest son of Mr. George T. Petherick, of Porthpean House, St. Austell, Cornwall, and is a 2nd Lieut. in the Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

A Contented Exile.

M. Verhaeren's rejoicings at being free of the reek and turmoil of invaded Belgium suggest that he no longer seeks the inspiration of ghastly scenes. His early volumes form, it is said, "one long elegy of disease and pain," but apart from a single extremely

distressing war-poem, he has not in this instance been moved to write. Born in Antwerp, he attended a Jesuit college near Ghent, and studied law at Louvain. All the scenes of his early life have been invaded, but by good fortune he loves London, his place of exile, above all other towns.

A Welcome Visitor.

When Millicent Duchess of Sutherland paid a flying visit from Belgium to England, and married, it was thought that bride and groom would both, in their respective capacities, return to the front. The Duchess did so, and is working at Dunkirk with various members of her family; but her husband has not succeeded in getting away. He is among the many officers deputed to look after the Home Forces, and though he was particularly keen to go abroad, he has consolations: last week the Duchess paid another flying visit to this country.

Talk and Lord Tavistock.

Lord Tavistock, the fewness of whose wedding guests created something like a record at St George's, is, equally, a man of few words. "He never speaks," is the report of those who fail to get his sympathy and confidence, and even to those who do, his diffidence in scattering invitations for the ceremony last week seemed wholly characteristic. When he reaches the House of Lords (by which time he and his bride will be in control of an enormous income) he may find a theme and an audience that will seem to him to supply sufficient excuse for volubility; for the time being he is the most silent, but not the least observant, member of the youthful aristocracy.

An Angel of Anæsthetics.

Professor Norton's splendid motor ambulance record in France includes

the removal of over nine hundred men across all sorts of ground, and plenty of it. He has been in London to arrange for the equipment of fifteen more ambulances, and at the same time another American scholar has been paying us a busy visit. This is Dr.

Whittimore, who, like the Harvard professor, is spending most of his time on the Continent. Dr. Whittimore's usual interests are literature and archæology; at the present time his whole energies are given to the carrying of comforts to wounded soldiers in France. Of these comforts (to give them a mild name) the most eagerly looked for are anæsthetics. Dr. Whittimore comes here himself for his precious load: he is the safest and quickest messenger. In time of war, "anæsthetics" is almost the first and last word of science and of mercy



WIDOWED BY THE WAR: THE HON. MRS. G. H. MORRIS.

The Hon. Mrs. Morris, whose husband, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George Henry Morris, 1st Battalion Irish Guards, has been killed in action at Villers-Cotterêts, was Miss Dora Maryan Hall, second daughter of the late Mr. James Wesley Hall, of Melbourne. Lieut.-Colonel Morris was the second son of the late Lord Killanin, and was born in 1872. He served with distinction in India and South Africa.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



AN EARL'S DAUGHTER
MARRIED: LADY JEANE
PETHERICK.

Very quietly, owing to the war, the Lady Jeane Pleydell-Bouverie, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, was married on Nov. 21, at Salisbury Cathedral, to Mr. Gerald G. Petherick, of the Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry. The Bishop of Salisbury conducted the service.

Photograph by George Sands.



REPORTED MISSING: LIEUT. A. E. C. T. DOONER, 1ST BATT. WELSH FUSILIERS.

Lieut. A. E. C. T. Dooner, who is reported missing, is brother-in-law to General Sir A. Murray, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., Chief of Staff to Field-Marshal Sir John French, Lady Murray being a daughter of Colonel William Toke Dooner, of Ditton Place, near Maidstone.

Photograph by Swaine.

is made from the finest ingredients, and is perfect in its own sphere.

Gifts Beautiful and Useful.

Always that well-known and universally esteemed firm, Mappin and Webb, keep in the van of the movement, and this Christmas have brought out a catalogue as large and comprehensive as ever, and containing gifts at all prices—some of them, for what they are, almost unbelievably low. At 168, Oxford Street; 220, Regent Street; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, those in search of suitable, moderately priced, useful, and beautiful gifts will find hundreds to choose from. Those who cannot call at the establishments should write for a catalogue. Six coffee-spoons, in silver, with beans as handles, in a neat case, for 15s., make quite a handsome gift. One more imposing is a new three-piece tea-set, in fluted silver, with a turret-edge, for £5 15s. This is particularly dainty and pretty, strong and elegant. A case containing three condiment-pots of charming shape, in solid silver, for 35s., is another example of fine value. A khaki waterproof roll-up dressing-case, with fittings which will stand knocking about, can be had from 25s., while unfitted roll-up hold-alls are 10s. 6d. For ladies, a dainty gift is a large gilt-dialled watch, framed in enamel of any colour; it costs only £1 1s. For men at the front, a useful gift is a solid-silver pencil with a magazine holding refills of indelible leads for many months; this costs only 10s. 6d. Very fascinating is a case, in silver, holding three scent-bottles, with silver-and-enamel tops filled with scents, for £1 5s. Useful and very pretty little jewel-caskets in delicate shades of crushed morocco, lined with satin and velvet of a harmonious colour, for £1 5s. will be found most attractive. Lorgnette opera-glasses, in all colours, enamel, the handle also enamelled, at 35s., are beautiful. There are money-belts, equipment, and many things

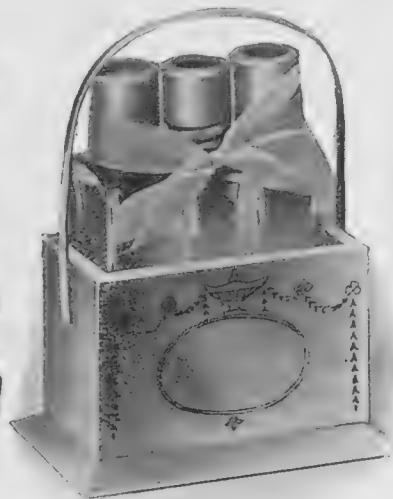


NEAT, DAINTY AND CHARMING:—GOOD FOR ANY FRIEND.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 168, Oxford Street; 220, Regent Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street.

and a handsome black tassel at the end, for 10s. 6d. There are match-cases and many neat little boxes having the Allied flags on them in colours, that are sure to sell well; indeed, John Pound is as ready for Christmas clients in war-time as in peace-time, and value, suitability, and excellence are, as ever, the watchwords of this famous firm.

Beautiful Linen. The great firm of Robinson and Cleaver, which has built up an enormous business—magnificently housed in their new Linen Hall, Regent Street, in addition to the great parent house in Belfast—are, of course, not unmindful of Christmas. How well and successfully they have catered for it will be understood by consulting their attractive list, which will be sent free on application. They have very beautiful afternoon tea-



ALIKE VALUABLE AND ATTRACTIVE:—FOR MY LADY'S BOUDOIR.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 168, Oxford Street; 220, Regent Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street.

cloths in hand-embroidered Irish linen and Irish crochet, a delight to any house-lover, and at very moderate prices; also table-centres and panels of filet lace, Italian and French; while some of Flemish lace and embroidery bought from refugees are very handsome and very cheap. Irish hand-embroidered night-cases run with broad satin ribbon in pale shades, at 4s. 11d., are exceptional value; so, too, are glove-sachets at 2s. and 3s., and handkerchief-sachets at 1s. 11d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 2s. 9d. All these form dainty and useful gifts; the night-cases are in great variety in design and price. As to handkerchiefs, these are really treasure-trove for the present-hunter. Those with scalloped borders and embroidery all round are in great favour, and there is plenty of

variety in choice; lovely ones are sold at 12s. 6d. a dozen. Made of sheer linen, with charmingly embroidered corners, the prices are from 10s. 6d. to 30s. a dozen; while very dainty, tiny, edged lace handkerchiefs are 9s. 6d. a dozen. What will be keenly appreciated are fine handkerchiefs, with any two-letter monogram ready in hand-made embroidery, at 6s. 11d. or 15s. 11d. the dozen; the same thing for men at 13s. 11d. a dozen. Khaki handkerchiefs for men at the front cost only 1s. 11½d. the dozen.

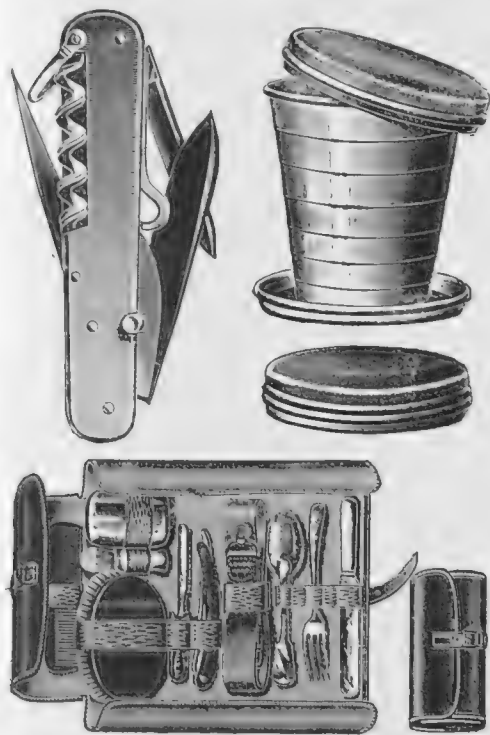
For Our Gallant Troops and the Ladies Left Behind Them.

The men at the front are not forgetting their womenkind at Christmas; many of them are sending now to sisters to buy presents for wives, and so on. Of great interest to all such intending purchasers is the announcement that Harrods—great seizers of opportunity—are offering to their customers in a special sale the stock of Messrs. Moore and Son, of Jermyn Street, which they bought at auction prices from Christie's, Debenham's, and other marts famous as connoisseurs and collectors. They are enabled to sell these beautiful things at 6s. 8d. in the £1 less than Moore's original prices. This is a chance not to be lost sight of by all purchasers of presents. As instances, a pair of large solitaire diamond ear-rings, which were £105, are to be sold for £70; a diamond-and-platinum brooch of finest workmanship and beautiful design, which was £110, is £73 6s. 8d.; a pair of fine diamond and cabochon sapphire links, which were £50, are sold for £33 6s. 8d. These are a few examples of many notable bargains in really fine things. For the men campaigning Harrods have a selection of four boxes at one sovereign each, and one for 7s. 6d. which will be sent postage and packing free. One of the 20s. boxes is for Indian troops, and contains 1 muffler, 1 under-vest, 1 pair of pants, 1 pair of socks, 3 coloured handkerchiefs, 1 lb. sugar-candy, 1 lb. cocoanut-candy, 75 cigarettes (Egyptian blend). Another box is suitable for the wounded, another assorted, another warm comforts, while No. 5 is a Christmas hamper. All have been carefully thought out, and are exceptional value. The name and address, (including the words Expeditionary Force) regimental number if possible, rank, and unit of regiment should be sent with order.



PRECIOUS, BUT NOT TOO COSTLY:—GEMS THAT MAKE IDEAL GIFTS.

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are a hair-brush, razor, knife, fork, and spoon, complete for 15s. 6d., will be a present sent in thousands to our neat and tidy soldiers. A tobacco-box in a pigskin case will make a valued present. A knife containing two blades, a corkscrew, tin-opener, and button-hook, for 5s. 6d., the sides aluminium, is another present that soldiers and sailors will like. A case for a man's own special safety razor, in waterproof canvas, with hair-brush, knife, fork, and spoon, is only 15s. 6d. There are countless hand-bags for our sex; one which is wonderful value is of black moiré silk, with a strong gilt frame

Topical Presents. John Pound and Co. have a reputation for extraordinary value and for producing precisely what is wanted. At all their well-known establishments—81, Leadenhall Street; 268, Oxford Street; 79, Regent Street; 177, Tottenham Court Road; 67, Piccadilly; or 243, Brompton Road—there are numerous gifts which I may describe as topical. An aluminium collapsible cup, an extra twist to which renders it rigid, in a pigskin case, costs only 3s. A waterproof canvas hold-all in which



A HAPPY ACCIDENT: HEROES OF THE AIR: THE CAR AND THE TREE.

A War Story. Of war incidents, whether tragic, humorous, or concerning deeds of gallantry, there are thousands, of course, that will never be recorded, owing to the unpatriotic methods of the Censorship; but occasionally one has the luck to meet a man who, though unwounded, has been allowed to come back from the front for a few days' rest, and, if he be in a communicative mood, he will probably have stories to tell of absorbing interest. I have heard many such which would never have passed the Censor if they had been sent over the wires, and others which my own sense of what is politic would naturally prevent me from repeating in print; but, incidentally, a motoring adventure may be described to which there is no harm in giving the publicity which it would otherwise have escaped. A case in point concerns a Naval driver whose car was the last to leave Antwerp at the time of the bombardment. When he crossed the only available bridge, the Germans had already begun to shell it. He got over in safety, however; but, after driving only a few yards further, his car suddenly came to a stop.

Diagnosis and Shrapnel.

Mentally apostrophising himself to the effect that he was to keep a cool head, he set about the task of diagnosing the trouble in just the same way as he would have done at home in peaceful England. Calmly lifting the bonnet-flap, therefore, he ran over the wires and tested the ignition; but there was no fault to be found there. Then he examined the petrol-supply, but here again drew a blank, as there was plenty of fuel in the tank, and the feed was uninterrupted right up to the carburetter. Meanwhile, shells were exploding in inconvenient proximity, but there was nothing for it but either to leave the car and scuttle off, or dismantle the carburetter bit by bit. By this time people had climbed on to his car until it was full to overflowing, and he declined to leave them in the lurch. He took the carburetter to pieces, therefore, and to his great joy discovered a fragment of grit which was choking the jet. It may be guessed that he lost no time in removing the obstruction and reassembling the carburetter, after

which he switched on, turned the starting-handle, and lo! the engine hummed merrily, with the result that he was able to convey his heavy load of passengers to safety. One has heard of tyres being punctured and spare wheels having to be fitted under fire, but this is the first instance I have heard of a man having to go through the process—unwelcome at the best of times—of locating an unknown fault amid the screech of shrapnel.

Wrapped Round a Tree.

Another incident of which the grievous results only, not the predisposing cause, have hitherto been described was the accident to Commander Mansfield Cumming,

a gallant officer whom I have known and admired for many years. It was with no small dismay that his many friends learned a few weeks ago that he had met with a most serious motoring accident in France, by which his son, Captain Cumming, was killed, and he himself was so badly injured that one of his legs had to be amputated—indeed, I regret to state that,

though now being cared for in London, he is not yet out of danger. Ever since the report first came through, I have been keenly anxious to know how the tragedy occurred, and have just met a military driver home from the front who was the first to go out and examine the wrecked car and the scene of the accident. He tells me that the road was broad and straight, and the car—one of 60-h.p.—was presumably being driven at a good speed; but the wheel-tracks showed that from some unknown cause it had suddenly been steered aside by Captain Cumming, who was driving. A skid was not in question, as the weather was fine and the road was dry, so that possibly a dog had darted into the road. The car swerved into a tree, which it struck with the front hub-cap, and then—incredible as it may sound—literally wrapped itself round the trunk. As a matter of fact, my informant states (and he is one of the most experienced of living motorists), the petrol-tank at the back of the car and the starting-handle at the front were both pointing in the same direction, while the gear-shaft and even one of the pinions were bent. The body was swept from the chassis for a distance of twenty-five yards or more, and Commander Cumming was hurled some distance further. This all happened in the evening, and, sad to say, no one passed the spot during a period of nine hours, and Captain Cumming died soon after he was removed to the hospital. Of Commander Cumming himself, I can only say that he is the most capable and at the same time charming

officer I have ever met, and his many friends will wait anxiously for the news of his recovery.

Our Gallant Airmen. The performances of our Royal Flying Corps will soon surpass belief. One might regard the

raid on the Zeppelin factory at Friedrichshafen as the limit of human daring but for the consciousness that at any moment something more superhumanly astounding may be achieved. Whatever the future brings forth, however, let us all offer up our tribute to the bravery of Commander E. F. Briggs, Commander J. T. Babington, and Lieutenant S. V. Sippe—heroes all. To fly 250 miles, mostly across hostile territory, in wintry weather was one thing, but to descend right into a hail of shell-fire in order to complete their work was a feat which sets them on a pinnacle of unexamplified courage. May their heroism be rewarded by a grateful Government, and their names never be forgotten!



THE BRITISH AEROPLANE RAID ON THE ZEPPELINS AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN: FLIGHT-COMMANDER J. T. BABINGTON.

Flight-Commander John Tremayne Babington became a Naval Lieutenant in October 1913. He joined the Naval Wing of the Royal Flying Corps in May last. The raid on the Zeppelin factory took place on Nov. 21. Squadron-Commander Briggs had his machine damaged and was made prisoner. His companions successfully dropped bombs, returning safely. The three airmen are said to have been awarded the Legion of Honour.

Photograph by Birkett.



THE BRITISH AEROPLANE RAID ON THE ZEPPELINS AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN: SQUADRON-COMMANDER E. F. BRIGGS.

Squadron-Commander Edward Featherstone Briggs, an Engineer-Lieutenant, R.N., joined the Staff of the Eastchurch Naval Flying School for overseeing and machinery duties in May 1912.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



THE BRITISH AEROPLANE RAID ON THE ZEPPELINS AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT S. V. SIPPE.

Flight-Lieutenant Sidney V. Sippe was given acting rank in August, when he was appointed, at the same time, to the "Pembroke" for flying duty.

Photograph by Topical.

Useful Gifts

THERE is exhibited at the Company's Showrooms an almost infinite variety of articles suitable as gifts. Dainty Silverware, Prince's Plate, Jewellery, Leather, etc. All are characteristic of the exceptional value associated with Mappin & Webb productions.

An invitation to inspect the Company's Showrooms is cordially extended; failing this, write for illustrated Christmas Catalogue, posted free.



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—ANTHRANISED COAL LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY FUEL.

—A FIRE MAY BE KEPT IN FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME.

—AN ENORMOUS SAVING OF LABOUR RESULTS, FOR THE FIRES REQUIRE PRACTICALLY NO ATTENTION.

—CHEAP COAL, OR A MIXTURE OF COAL AND COKE, MAY BE USED WHERE HIGH-GRADE COAL WAS FORMERLY NECESSARY.

—SOOT AND SMOKE ARE GREATLY DECREASED, AND THE FUEL BURNS TO FINE ASHES.

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No wonder, then, that people, when speaking of Anthranite, are already calling it "condensed coal," and that the demand for this wonderful substance, which has been placed before the general public just at the time when economy is most necessary, is growing by leaps and bounds. In spite of this, however, orders are being despatched practically by return of post, as special arrangements have been made to turn out the huge quantities demanded daily.

Anthrinite is being used in the best houses in Town and Country, in Hospitals, Institutions, Clubs, Banks, and public offices. Among its Patrons are

to be found the names of the best families in the Kingdom, and there can be no doubt that ere long it will have become as ordinary an article of daily consumption as is coal itself. So great is the value of this wonderful substance that those who have tried it will as little think of using coal, coke, or slack, without Anthranising it, as it occurs to them to make tea without first making sure that the water has boiled.

A REMARKABLE TEST OFFER TO READERS.

The regular price of Anthranite is 5s. per box, sufficient to "Anthraneise" one ton of coal, but in order to enable every reader to convince himself of the marvellous virtues of this money-saving substance, the Proprietors have decided to send, post-free with full directions, for a short time only, one box on receipt of remittance for 2s. 6d., or five boxes on receipt of only 10s. The latter offer is specially recommended to the attention of readers, as it may be withdrawn at any time.

EXPENSIVE PRE-ANTHRANITE DAYS.

The difference between the days before Anthranite was produced in sufficient quantities to make it universally available and the present, when anyone can have a ready stock at hand for the mere trouble of detaching the coupon below and dropping it into the Post, together with the necessary remittance, is simply marvellous.

Those who know the comfort and cleanliness of Anthranised fires say that it is like comparing present-day lighting conditions to those days when Oil Lamps were the only house-light. But not only that—there is also the enormous saving in money. Where people formerly used two tons of coal at, say, 28s. per ton, they now use one at about 24s. and one box of Anthranite, cost 2s. 6d. Net result: Cleanliness, comfort, better heat, less work, and a saving of exactly 29s. 6d. So gratifying a change cannot be produced by any other means, and quite naturally it is most welcome, particularly in these days of all-round retrenchment.

Readers who wish to take advantage of the Special Test Offer should detach the Privilege Coupon below, pin it to their letter, and enclose it with remittance for 2s. 6d., if they wish for only one box, or 10s. for five boxes, addressing same to Anthranite (Dept. 67), 64, Haymarket, London, S.W. As it is particularly desired to avoid delay in delivery, which often arises through misspelt names or addresses, the Proprietors will be greatly obliged if readers will take care to write plainly.

SPECIAL TEST COUPON.

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64, Haymarket, London, S.W.

Please send by return post free with full directions—

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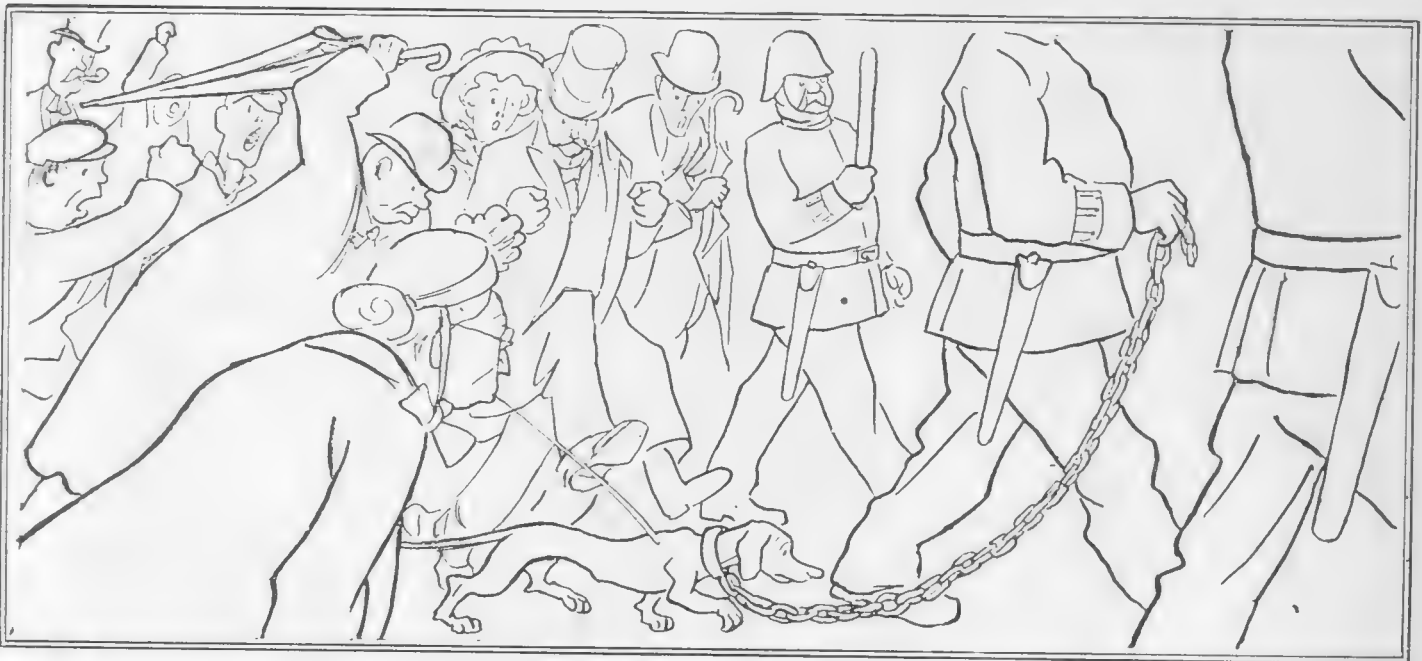
5 Boxes Anthranite 10s. 0d.
for which I enclose remittance.

Kindly pin this coupon to your letter and address heading.
The Sketch.

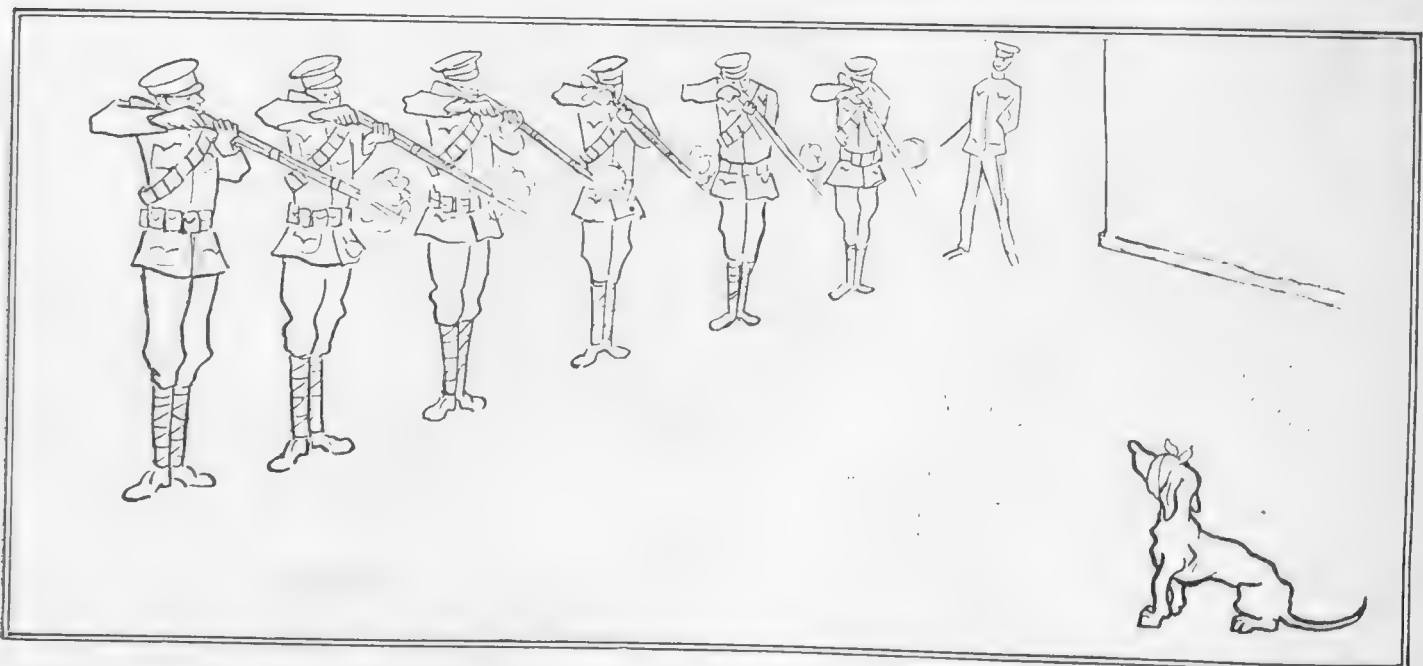
"I SPY": THE GAME AS SEEN BY THE GERMANS!



THE ALARM: "A GERMAN DACHSHUND! HE IS SIGNALLING TO A ZEPPELIN WITH HIS TAIL!"



THE ARREST: VOCES POPULI: "DAMNED GERMAN SPY!"



THE EXECUTION: ONE MORE DANGEROUS GERMAN SPY PUT OUT OF ACTION.

These cartoons, which are reproduced from a German paper, give the caricaturist's idea of the spy "scare" in London.



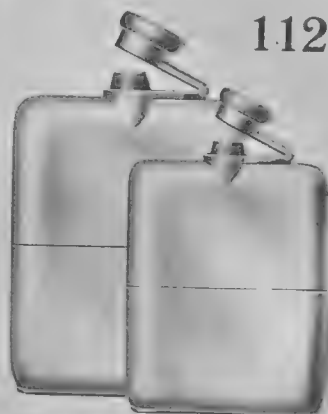
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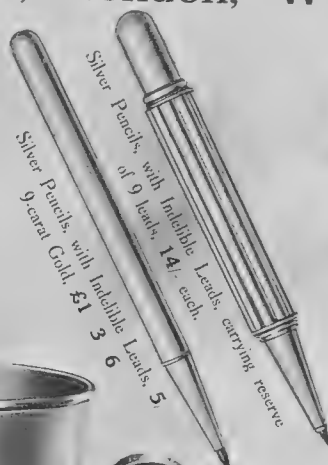
112, Regent Street, London, W.



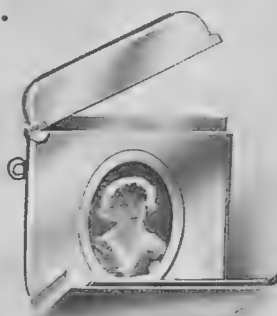
Extra Flat and Strong Silver Flask,
with Drinking Cup, two sizes. £2 0 0
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Solid Silver Match
Box, with Compass.
£1 0 0



Silver Pencils, with Indelible Leads, carrying reserve
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Silver Pencils, with Indelible Leads, 5.
9-carat Gold, £1 3 6



Silver Match Box with secret
Photo Division, 14.
9-Carat Gold, £4 10 0



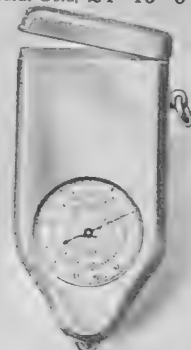
Solid Silver Round, Flat Tobacco
Box, £1 5 0



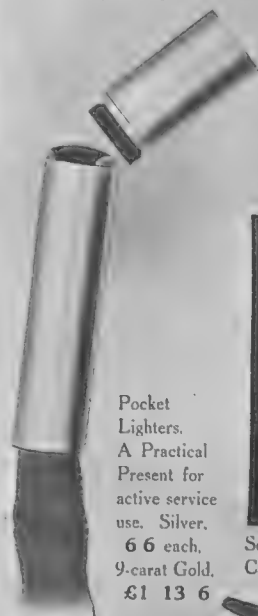
Silver Match Box, with
Allied Flags Enamelled
in Colours, £1 0 0



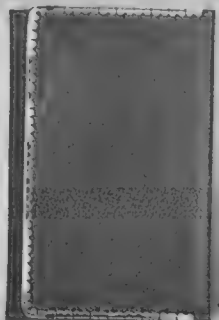
Collapsible Cup, to hold
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handle, light, strong and compact.
In Regent Plate, Gilt inside, and complete in Solid
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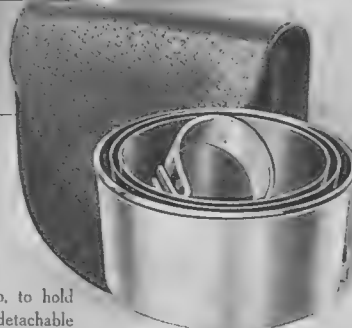
Silver Combination Match Box and
Motor Map Measurer, recording
nautical and statute miles, kilometres
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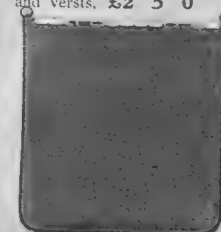
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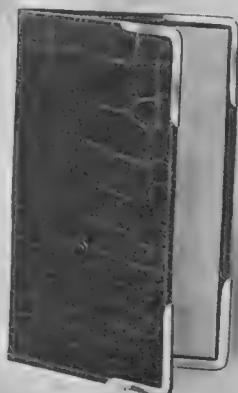
Solid Gold Single
Row Cigarette
Case, £5



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Case, with Gold Mounts.
£1 0 0



Solid Silver Plain Concave Military
Hair Brushes, with Tortoiseshell Comb,
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Golden Crocodile Letter Case,
space for Bank Notes.
Silver Corners ... £1 10 0
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Solid Silver Double Row Cigarette
Case, 4 Flags in Enamel.
£1 17 6

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

War in the Country House.

No one can say that you do not have thrill in war time, even in the most guarded of English country houses. Indeed, in certain counties near the sea war is a reality, and not mere talk, as it so often seems, for the moment, in London drawing-rooms. For spies, in all neighbourhoods near the coast, are a grim fact, and not the imaginings of timid minds. The other night we sat, five women in silks and pearls, quite alone in a vast drawing-room giving on to a glass winter-garden hidden by brocade curtains. Each was busy knitting scarves or socks. The men of the party, all soldiers, had packed themselves into cars and gone off to investigate certain signalling which had been observed on the heights around. There was a distinct impression, though not loudly voiced, that there might possibly be an enemy spy concealed on the roof of the house itself. All at once a faint whistle was heard in the winter-garden. The five knitting ladies sat like mutes, the faint click of their needles only breaking the tense silence. Then another distinct whistle was heard, and something which sounded like a shutter or window being pushed open. Now the silence in the drawing-room became dramatic. It reminded one, curiously, of the famous scene in that strange play, "Magic." What was to be done, one wondered? The Modern Girl solved the problem by tiptoeing across the drawing-room, slim and graceful in her white evening frock, and pressing the electric-bell. In an instant, she had slipped out of the room like a mouse and joined a formidable butler in the passage. Then from behind the thick brocaded curtains we heard them investigating the mysterious and disquieting noises. After all, it was nothing but a loose window, and the whistle had come from a pipe. But that night our officers returned, having surrounded an empty house and discovered a complete system of spying on the hills.

Tommy's Thanks.

When one has worked and contrived, sewn and knitted, saved and packed, to send things to the front, it is immensely encouraging to hear that the comforts and cigarettes arrive and are delivered into the hands of Tommy himself. In former wars packages and cases remained indefinitely at the base, and were destroyed as useless at the end of the campaign. But we have changed all that. The soldier not only receives our gifts, but writes a handsome letter of thanks. At the Empress Club, where ceaseless activity has reigned since the beginning of hostilities, they have a priceless collection of letters from the front. One or two, perhaps, are a trifle stilted, but none the less sincere. For instance, I find less touching the following letter than the one which succeeds it: "Although at all times the British Army is always cheerful, still more so at the receipt of your necessities. It reminds us of our friends at home who are thinking of us. Needless to say, we are also thinking of those left behind. It instils us with the thought of victory alone as we know the eyes of all Great Britain are looking towards us." Personally, I think the next letter adorable: "Kind Ladies, just a few lines to you thanking you very much for the presents you have sent to our soldiers, for such things come in very useful on such occasions. I am sure all my mates that don't send a p.c. are thanking you all very much. I will close hoping you are in the best of health and wishing you good luck from my chums and myself." I hasten to add that these effusions have been passed by the Censor. The psychology of both is strangely interesting.

London in War Time.

Strange, just now, is the aspect of London clubs and restaurants, owing to the all-pervading khaki uniforms, the absence of laughter, yet that tense, dignified cheerfulness which obtains both among officers and their relatives. This attitude, so universal among the upper classes, augurs well for our part in the war. Someone who had half-a-dozen women to lunch the other day told me that the only unhappy-looking mother there was one whose son had not been passed by the Medical Board. The boy was so miserable at not being able to serve that her home was embittered and sorrowful. This spirit leads far. Cheerful, too, are the young men in mufti, painfully hobbling on crutches, whom you may see nowadays at modish tea-rooms, surrounded by adoring sisters and by other men's sisters. They one and all tell you frankly that Hades would be a comfortable spot compared to our trenches in November, and yet you can plainly see that they are fretting to get back. This war—as serious things always are in England—is treated as a huge and fascinating game. Indeed, our absence of pomposity makes for final success.

Expensive Geography.

We are rapidly learning geography, but at the unreasonable expenditure of one million pounds a day. You have to be nimble-minded and alert, in these days, to keep count of the battles which are being waged in every corner of the earth, to be at home, so to speak, from East Prussia to the Cocos Islands. To be candid, geography is a subject which presents small attraction to most people, and only a few choice spirits really understand the extraordinary fascination of maps. In this world-wide war we shall all acquire that taste for maps which formerly only a few possessed.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Belgian Company started its season at the Criterion very well with its production of "Ce Bon Monsieur Zoetebeek," a farce of Brussels life. For the play is quite diverting to all classes. With the aid of the synopsis, those unversed in French can very well follow the simple plot and understand a considerable proportion of the jokes, whilst the broad humours are obvious in more than one sense of the term. The fundamental idea is old enough, for every theatre has ridiculed the vulgar parvenu from the days of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—and earlier times—but there is a quite novel flavour for us in the Belgian variety. Moreover, the parvenu is probably more diverting when he is a millionaire amongst the lower-middle class than when he reaches Park Lane. So we all roared with laughter at the adventures of Monsieur Zoetebeek in search of a decoration, and yet we were glad when the jolly old boy got back most of the things of which he had been robbed by the swindlers who lured him to Paris by the offer of the Order of the Nicham. There was a comic meal quite irresistible in local humour. The company is very strong, of which the chief, M. Libeau, is a "fruity" comedian of great comic force. His account of the magnificent reception at the Japanese Embassy—which he did not attend—was one of the funniest things I heard for years. Mme. Dilis Beersmans presented his wife admirably, and the Marie of Ninon Dave was irresistible. I ought not to overlook Miss Daisy Thimm and Messieurs Baert, George Desplas, and Van den Bosch. Altogether, quite a jolly entertainment.

What tremendous courage to attack "The Dynasts." Fancy trying to abridge for the stage a drama written in nineteen acts, with 130 scenes and more than five-score speaking parts! Would anybody except Mr. Granville Barker have had the audacity, and would anybody save he have achieved success? For, whatever the fate of the piece—and it is not my job to prophesy—it is certain that Mr. Barker has contrived to carve out of Mr. Hardy's magnificent drama a real play throbbing with life, which held a first-night audience, despite its strangeness. One does not expect to have a drama of almost modern life in which a great part of the story and action is told and described by a "Reader" seated before the proscenium arch, assisted by a chorus consisting of two grave, handsome ladies sitting motionless. How flat it might have been; how sadly suggestive of an ambitious Sunday School entertainment on a huge scale if there had not been, fortunately, at the back of it the driving power of genius stirring us up and forcing us, like a good audience, to do fully our own share in the make-believe that such vast events as Trafalgar and Albuera, Corunna, Talavera, and Waterloo were being presented before us, as well as pictures of country life a hundred years ago, when, as now, people were expecting, and some dreading, invasion. Extraordinary how modern it seems. But for the splendour of style, you might have thought much of it to be yesterday's reports of battles in Flanders, and the Great Napoleon of the stage brought to mind the very little Bonaparte of to-day, who keeps turning backwards and forwards from east to west seeking victories and getting defeats. A thrilling affair, "The Dynasts"—amusing too, sometimes. The Reader's task was accomplished magnificently by Mr. Henry Ainley, and Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Carrie Haase delivered the fine verse of the chorus splendidly. Admirable performances were given by Miss Florence Haydon and Miss Esmé Hubbard; and by Messrs. Sydney Valentine—a Napoleon who hardly looked the part—Murray Carrington, Charles Daly, Bert Thomas, H. R. Hignett, and others.

It is appropriate that H. J. Byron's famous old play should be revived at the Vaudeville, the theatre which was the scene of its first triumph some forty years ago; and though it bears its age marked in plain figures, it still has its interest for London playgoers. In the provinces it is probably, like "Charley's Aunt," still running. It is a quaint old play, and very simple and childlike. Its stern and yet relenting fathers, its good young men who fall in love contrary to orders, its lodging-house slavey, and the rest of them, are honoured stage traditions; and, as a matter of history alone, it would be worth while to meet them again in this early form. Of imitations we have, of course, had and shall always have plenty; but imitations have not the charm of the original model. Each character has its traditions, and modern players have to live up to them. They do their duty. Most important is the Perkyn Middlewick of Mr. Arthur Williams, who has just the broad humour necessary for the ungrammatical old gentleman. Exactly suitable, too, is Miss Sydney Fairbrother as the servant-girl, Belinda; and Mr. John Deverell plays cleverly as the aristocratic young man with the eyeglass and the drawl. Mr. Malcolm Cherry is good as the other boy; whilst the two young ladies are prettily acted by Miss Barbara Everest and Miss Agnes Glynn, and Miss Helen Rous gives one of her clever studies of middle-aged spinsterhood. It would be idle to pretend that the play does not seem old-fashioned in its humour, but its humanity still rings true, for humanity is much the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

Miss Gladys Cooper Explains Some Beauty Secrets.

The Popular London Star Favours Simple Methods.

I have been asked to give a few simple recipes that I know, either through personal use or by observation, to be valuable to the toilet, and which are within the reach of the average woman. In these days of £100 facial treatments and elaborate and expensive beautifying processes my suggestions may read like lessons in economy, but they are not especially so intended. They are merely practical suggestions, in which the keynote is "effectiveness." All the materials or ingredients which I mention are either already at hand in the home or may be readily procured from the chemist. Fortunately I do not suffer from the ailments or troubles enumerated below, but some people who are not so fortunate have told me their experiences, and with your permission I will set forth some remedies which they have found to be efficacious.

Complexion Renewals.

Complexion experts advise me that a normal, healthy complexion is constantly renewing itself by dropping off tiny flakes of worn-out tissue, thus revealing the fresh young skin underneath. They say that when this process is checked by age, exposure or some of many causes, the complexion becomes dull and ugly. The rational treatment recommended is to help the skin perform the natural functions of "shedding" worn-out tissue. For this purpose, I am informed, there is nothing so good as pure mercialised wax, used for a few nights, just as you would use a face cream. It is claimed that it possesses a special affinity for the effete scarf-skin, which it quickly removes by absorbing it. The face, I am assured, will soon look much younger and prettier under this treatment.

The Curling Iron

Don't use a hot iron to curl your hair. Some of my friends make the cunningest sort of curls wherever they want them simply by dampening the hair with liquid silmerine before retiring at night. When the hair is dry in the morning it will be softly curly just where you want it to be. This method is perfectly harmless, even beneficial to the hair, and the curls last a long time. The liquid is quite pleasant, and neither sticky nor greasy.

How to Shampoo

Most women, I am informed, do not know how to use stallax properly when shampooing with it. Unless the hair is naturally very oily, a stallax shampoo may sometimes leave it rather dry. But I am told if you will apply olive oil freely to your hair and scalp just before shampooing with stallax, the result is most delightful. The hair will be left clean, soft, bright, and wavy, the olive oil having properly balanced the action of this wonderful hair cleanser.

Care of the Hair.

Dandruff, I am told, is the greatest enemy of the hair. I am informed that in many cases no hair tonic is needed if only the scalp can be properly cleared and kept free from dandruff. Nature will usually do the rest. I believe a very excellent and very simple remedy for dandruff is a lotion which can be made up at home merely by mixing two ounces of the pure extract of barysde with three ounces of bay rum. Rub

into the scalp occasionally with the finger tips. The prompt and thorough manner in which it clears off the dandruff and stimulates the scalp is quite remarkable, so they tell me.

Grey Hair.

I have observed many attempts of many people to conceal grey hair. Some of these experiments were amusing, some disastrous, and some were successful. Personally, I believe I shall let my hair turn when the appointed time comes; but if I were going to try to evade it, I would give a trial to a real old "grandmother" formula that would probably do the work. This formula, I am informed, has been used with degrees of success for many generations, and consists merely of one ounce of concentrate of tamalite mixed with four ounces of bay rum. It is applied to the grey hair a few times with a small sponge, and ladies tell me it appears to darken the hair to a natural shade, not like a dye, but gradually and naturally.

Miscellaneous Hints.

A few useful hints from my friends on aids to beauty, are as follows:—

The eyebrows and lashes may be made to grow stronger and darker by applying mennaleine, a specially delicate pomade, with the finger-tips at night.

Rouge is often obvious, and many women therefore prefer to use powdered colliandum, which gives a most natural tint.

The lips may be prevented from drying and chapping by touching them with a stick of prolactum, which also gives them a good colour.

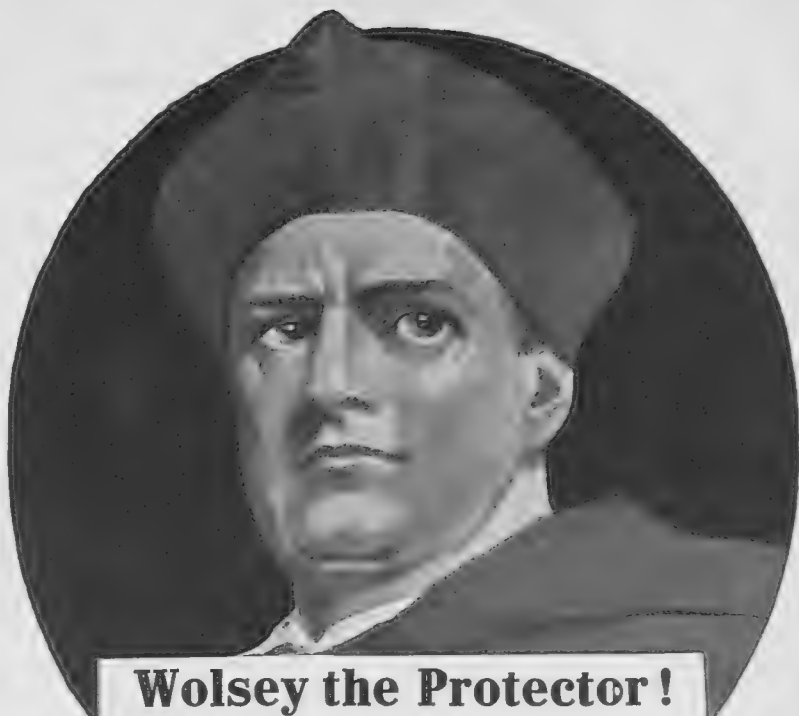
Freckles are most effectively combatted with ammoniated mercury creams, of which jettaline is the best.

Gladys Cooper

NOTE.—This interesting article on beauty culture in general was written by Miss Gladys Cooper, at the request of the manufacturers of Pileta Soap—the best complexion soap in the world. On sale at all chemists.



MISS GLADYS COOPER.



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WOLSEY Pure Wool Underwear offers you what the highest medical and scientific knowledge proclaims to be the most valuable of all forms of Health-protection.

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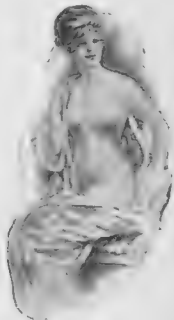
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Christmas Presents for All.

ONCE more my writing must be about presents. It is true that this year it will be Christmas with a difference. Hitherto our sex have been the heroines of the gift season. This will be a Christmas when we shall forget ourselves and remember our men and our children.

Our Wounded Heroes.

Naturally our thoughts will be with them this Christmas, and those specialists in making the sick and wounded, as also the well and weary, comfortable, Messrs. J. Foot and Son, 171, New Bond Street, have many things of interest to those who have friends home from the front or in hospital. Their patent self-propelling chair is one of their clever and complete arrangements. The back can be adjusted by pressing a lever, and the position of the leg-rests changed by working a lever. The chair can be propelled by leg or arm, and a detachable table is arranged across the arms for meals, book, cards, etc. Foot's Adapta table is a necessity in all households, and is now being ordered in large quantities for hospitals and convalescent homes. It does equally well for a bed-table, a reading-desk, a back-rest, for a library chair-desk, as a card-table, or a music-stand; it is one of the cleverest of patents, and the prices are from £1 7s. 6d. to £3 12s. 6d., according to the



A WELCOME GIFT FOR THE SICK ROOM: THE "ADAPTA" TABLE.

Messrs. J. Foot and Son, 171, New Bond Street.

wood and the fittings. It is important to state that it is of British construction throughout. It is strong, handsome, ideally convenient, and most easily adaptable, so that it makes an ideal present for an invalid, and one much appreciated by those who are well.

A Departure.

One has been made by that most notable firm the Goldsmiths and Silver-smiths, 112, Regent Street. The directors have decided to make a reduction in the price of many articles of jewellery, silverware, clocks, leather-work, etc. The reason for this is that the usual large stock was acquired for the autumn, when people were so much taken up with the war that sales were slack, and that the Company consider it imperative to keep their employees working, which they will do in getting ready new stock while selling what they have at considerable sacrifice. There will be plenty to choose from at these beautiful salons. For our menkind at the front is a very neat and practical collapsible cup. It does not, however, collapse in the wrong place, for there is a handle which renders it rigid and much more convenient for drinking purposes. This, in a pigskin case, is a very good and by no means expensive gift for a soldier or sailor. A pigskin holdall, with many and variously shaped pockets, at £2, is also a most useful gift for men campaigning. Also there are wristlet watches with luminous hands and figures which are almost indispensable to watchers and fighters. These on leather wristlets, the watches of that undoubted reliability guaranteed by the firm, cost from £2 to £5. What will undoubtedly be very popular as presents this Christmas are dainty brooches in enamel and jewels made in various

and clever designs, and embodying the flags of the Allies. Of these, probably the favourites will be arranged as if signalling from halyards. Flasks will be appreciated presents also. A brooch in gold, enamel, or diamonds in the shape of a Dreadnought—called, as the King called his ships, our "Sure Shield"—will be a present appreciated by the womenkind of Navy men. There are also Bulldog and Scrap-of-Paper charms that are well up to date, as the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, celebrated for quality and value, always are.

For Our Gallant Men.

The kind of Christmas gift that we are most of all thinking of just now is that which will be most acceptable to our gallant men keeping us secure from a cruel foe, and preserving our national honour. Marshall and Snelgrove have thought out a wonderful parcel. It contains a brown cardigan, cap, muffler, pair of mittens, pair of strong braces, two pairs of socks, special hair-brush, tinder-lighter, pair of porpoise-hide boot-laces, two handkerchiefs, one shaving-stick, anti-septic tooth-paste, vaseline, boric healing ointment, adhesive plaster, fine absorbent lint, boric powder, and tooth-brush. The cost is one guinea! All trouble of packing or despatching is taken by the firm—the name, rank, and regiment of the soldier sent to the great house in Oxford Street and Vere Street will ensure this packet reaching him. A list of many other Christmas presents will be sent on application.



IDEAL AS A GIFT FOR A WOUNDED SOLDIER: A SELF-PROPELLING CHAIR.

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A SILVER FLASK.

A COLLAPSIBLE MUG.

WRISTLET WATCH WITH LUMINOUS HANDS AND FIGURES.

TO WEAR WITH THE REGIMENTAL RIBBON.

JUST THE THING FOR EVERYBODY: GIFTS BOTH PRACTICAL AND DAINY.

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British and Best. A Swan that is a real Swan is the fountain-pen of that name. It goes for the modest sum of 4s. 6d. to any part of the world, and no soldier or sailor should be without one when his written words home are so precious. These pens are perfectly reliable, and are obtainable in great variety, those at half-a-guinea being quite as practical as any, those at 24s. holding a larger supply of ink; while gold and silver mountings or casings of course add to the price as to the importance of the gifts. Everyone loves a Swan fountain-pen for a Christmas gift. Mabie, Todd, and Co., 79, High Holborn, will maintain every pen in perfect writing order, and all new parts can be obtained from them.

The Forest Queen. Her Majesty is the new perfume embodying the wonderful mingled and subtle perfumes borne on the breezes of sunny, flower-spread Ceylon. The name of it, "Wana Rance," signifies "Forest Queen," and brings to our olfactory nerves the same subtle charm and excitement and interest that a well-told tale of travel conveys to our minds. To Messrs. J. Grossmith and Sons we owe this new grace of life, which is novel and unique. Following the usual custom of this well-known firm, a complete series of toilet preparations, scented with this new perfume, is prepared, the use of all of which can be fully recommended. Most acceptable Christmas presents can be made in combining a bottle of "Wana Rance" with several of the accessories, each of which

[Continued on page 203.]

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are Presents which serve a useful purpose.

FOR the sum of 21/- we send, with your card of good wishes enclosed :—

A Distinctive Fancy Box containing three pairs of real mocha doe Gloves, 2 button, in black, slate or tan, and three pairs of white kid Gloves, 4 button.

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or—

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The boxes are of unusual beauty of design, and the articles they contain are of our usual high standard.

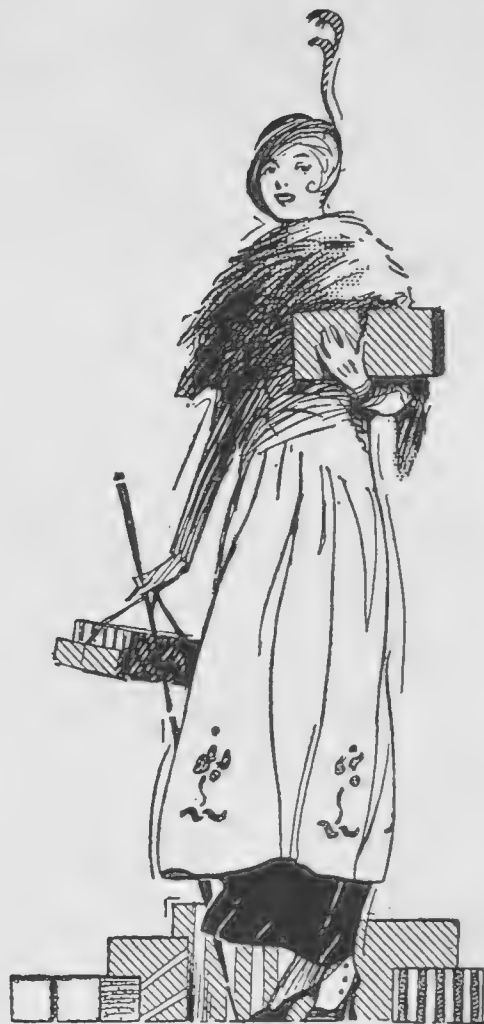
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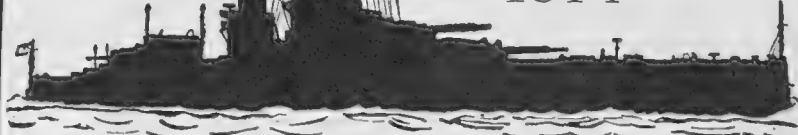
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DOLLS' HOUSE.



No. 7. 29 in. high, 24 in. wide, 18 in. wide. A desirable dolls' residence, with staircase and fireplace fitted. Door opens. PRICE. Windows and door finished mahogany colour on white ground **23/3**

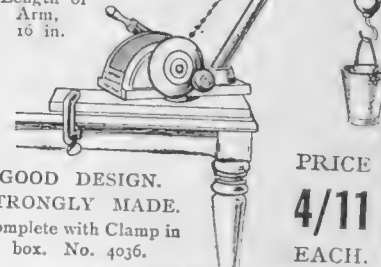
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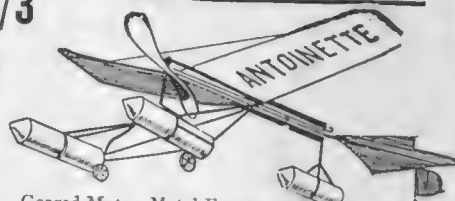
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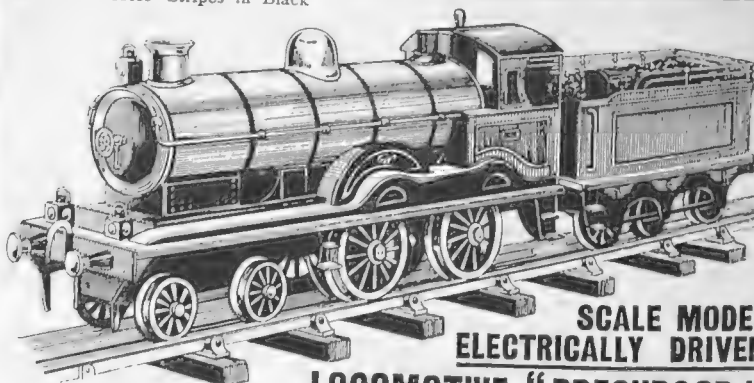
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Gauge 1-1½ in. 3 in. scale. Price, complete with Reversing Gear, **55/-**

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A very handsome Scale Model. Carcase is built from heavy Brass Plate beautifully hand enamelled, lined and lettered in correct colours. Fitted with Spring Buffers, Dummy Vacuum Tubes and Sand Pipes, as well as Reversing Switch fitted into the Cab. Total length, Engine and Tender, 20 in. The Current required is 6 volts, which is obtained from an accumulator connected to the rails.

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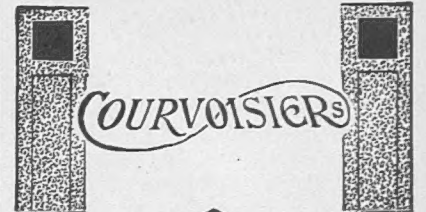
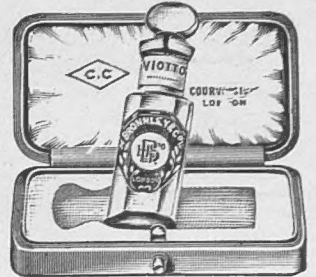
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A NEW NOVEL.

"Prince and Heretic."

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.
(Methuen.)

In the heart of Miss Bowen's story these words come with a sense of the Press Bureau in their significance: "I may be called to Antwerp, where there is great trouble." It was William of Nassau speaking, who had presently to reckon with Alva, by which it will be seen that the readers who have found romance with Miss Bowen in the Low Countries and would fain seek it in her company again are in a way to be gratified. There was trouble in Flanders indeed in the sixteenth century, but Philip and not Wilhelm was the accursed name to the shadow that blackened it; the shadow fell from Spain and not from Germany, and its substance was the Holy Inquisition. From a mansion on the skirts of Brussels a princely deliverer was arising, the head of the House of Nassau; this first book of his progress sees him fairly launched, a heretic at last, his son stolen, his property confiscated—launched in the great atmosphere of freeing the Provinces from "the desolation of the Spaniards and the abomination of the Inquisition." In the city where lately M. Max posted his defiance of German occupation, pasquinades and lampoons were flung upon the gates of the nobles by a population maddened and frantic with rage. It was the market-places that burned in the sixteenth century—with the flesh of the living torches lit in honour of the altars in the great Gothic cathedrals. The services which filled those temples with beauty and loveliness of music and tapestry and glass and gold demanded despair and desolation outside, starving children and madness and ruin. Miss Bowen has the grand manner with history, and knows how to seize the impressive moment. The smaller fry of nobles and Cardinals are grouped pictorially about the story, and the great figures familiar to the least specialised reader of history are always caught in fine attitudes. She has only one instinctive master-passion in all her well-calculated work, and that is a love of

clothes. What she would do with an army in khaki and a Prince in a lounge-suit passes conjecture. The velvet slashings, the gold-lace ruffs, the plumed caps are such a joy to her that it is a necessity to visualise colour, shape, and texture of every costume before its wearer can get a look in. But those were spacious times, and the figures of the hour gallant enough in action to adorn any richness of dress.

"Princess Mary's Gift-Book," the profits from the sale of which are going to the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund, is in itself a delightful volume. Both in quality and quantity it is a remarkably cheap half-crown's worth, for many of the best-known writers and artists have contributed to its pages. Among the former are: Rudyard Kipling, Sir James Barrie, Sir H. Rider Haggard, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, J. H. Fabre (the veteran French naturalist), and the Bishop of London; while women-writers are represented by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Lady Sybil Grant, Beatrice Harraden, Baroness Orczy (who contributes a new Scarlet Pimpernel story), Annie S. Swan, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. There are many illustrations in colour, by such artists as J. J. Shannon, R.A. (whose portrait of Princess Mary, in colour, forms the frontispiece), Charles Napier Hemy, R.A., Norman Wilkinson, R.I., Claude A. Shepperson, Arthur Rackham, Edmund Dulac, E. J. Detmold, and A. C. Michael. Some of these, and other distinguished artists, contribute also a large number of black-and-white drawings.

A European "Debrett" is what one aptly may call the Marquis de Ruvigny's newly issued volume, "The Titled Nobility of Europe" (Harrison and Sons), a book that on the face of it is likely to prove permanently of wide interest as a standard work, and to be, at the present time in especial, of everyday utility. "An International Peerage, or the 'Who's Who' of the Sovereigns, Princes and Nobles of Europe," is the author's own description of it, which exactly serves to describe the scope of the work.

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